

*High's*

GRAND

SPRING :- ATTRACTIONS!

### Dress Goods.

Our second grand opening of new Spring Dress Goods occurs tomorrow. The past week we received several shipments of the latest and newest styles, in both foreign and American weaves, and for the first time they will be shown on our counters tomorrow. Many novelties will be displayed, and remember not one to be seen in any other house in the south. We invite your inspection.

Bedford Cords, the latest shades, truly worth \$1.25, will be offered at 75c yard.

14 pieces elegant Camel's Hair Novelty Suitings, regular worth \$1.50. They are new and stylish and will go in a hurry at the small price asked for them 98c.

English Cheviots and Homespuns, all wool, 40 inches wide, that some houses try to make a noise about at 47c a yard, will be shown to you and sold to you at 39c.

46-inch English Serges, silk finish, all the newest shading, a fabric that is always in good style, 75c a yard, worth \$1.25.

A beautiful wide wale Bedford Cord, in a variety of colors; that we have been selling at \$1.25 a yard, can be bought of us tomorrow at \$1.

11 pieces new and elegant Crinkle Novelties, tomorrow at \$1.25, truly \$1.75 value.

Jacquard Weaves in Cords, Stripes and Crepe effects, extreme novelties, \$1.25 a yard.

We show all the latest effects in high class Novelty Imported Suits. Our designs and styles are exclusive.

### Silks.

The success of the past week will be repeated this, in this wonderfully popular department. The immense stock, variety of designs and patterns and low prices, place us without any competition. Here you see correct things for spring and evening wear. Here you can buy just what you want, in the cheapest to the most gorgeous and costly Silk that purse would ask. New Glaces, New Taffetas; New changeable Surahs and a variety of new pattern Silks await your inspection.

Tomorrow we offer you a lot of Evening shades in China Brocades in zig-zag and wave line effects, worth \$1.50 anywhere and everywhere, just for one day, 75c a yard.

Evening Shades, Brocaded Chinas, worth \$1, small lot at the small price of 50c a yard.

20 exquisite Glace shot Silk Suits worth \$25, offered tomorrow at \$17.25.

5,000 yards India Silks, all shades at 40c a yard.

Silk Crepons, all shades, 39c a yard.

10 pieces more of those lovely 27-inch black Tokio Silks, will be offered at 89c a yard, truly worth \$1.25.

10 pieces of an extra fine black Dress Silk, worth \$1.75 a yard, a pattern to a customer Monday at \$1.25 a yard.

Black Dress Goods.

All the new weaves in black and mourning fabrics. We offer tomorrow five specials that, if you want a Black Dress, you cannot afford to miss seeing.

Special No. 1.

46-inch black Brilliantine at 59c a yard.

No. 2.

42-inch silk warp black Henrietta, real value \$1.89, one day only at \$1.39 a yard.

### No. 3.

42-inch black silk warp Henrietta at 98c a yard, usual price \$1.39

### No. 4.

An assortment of black figured Novelties, 14 different patterns to select from, worth from \$1.25 to \$1.69; your choice Monday at 98c a yard.

### No. 5.

40-inch black Henrietta, silk finish, at only 50c a yard.

### Our Dressmaking

#### Department

Is a phenomenal success. Everybody pleased. The most artistic work ever done south. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders will be taken this week for April 20th delivery.

### Kid Glove

#### Department.

Will offer, from 8 until 11 o'clock, Monday morning:

1,000 pairs black and colored ladies' 4-button Kid Gloves, sizes from 5 1/2 to 6 1/4 only, worth 75c per pair, at 25c pair.

### Note.

Only one pair to a customer, and we will not fit them.

### Carpets.

The Largest Stock of New Goods.

The most beautiful patterns.

The prices are absolutely the lowest. If you have a Carpet to buy in the next six months it will pay you to do so now.

### Mattings.

Our new spring stock is enormous, in fact we have too many mattings. We make prices this week to unload. (Third Floor—Take Elevator.)

### Upholstery and

#### Lace Curtains.

These departments are strong with us. We have all the new and pretty things to decorate your home with. We employ the most skillful workmen, and we will name prices ever so much lower than any one else.

Lace Curtains from \$1 to \$35 pair.

Chenille Curtains.

All kinds of Tapestries.

Magnificent stock of Silk Curtains.

(Third Floor—Take Elevator.)

### Rugs.

Oriental and Persian Rugs, all sizes.

150 large Smyrna Rugs at \$4 each.

500 Turcoman Rugs, 30 inches wide and 60 inches long, at \$1.75 each.

Rugs from 75c to \$125.00 each. No such stock to be found elsewhere. (Third Floor—Take Elevator.)

### Hosiery Department

#### Now Complete.

Will be found attractive by its standard qualities and new fashionable shades. The following quotations represent better values at lower prices than can be bought elsewhere:

200 dozen, second importation received, of ladies' fast-black, Richelieu ribbed lisle-thread Hose, 39c pair; real value 50c.

500 ladies' Hose, J. M. High & Co.'s own fast black special favorites, spliced heel and toe, sold with guarantee if they stain the feet or change color, after being washed or worn, will replace Hose, or refund money, 25c pair; worth 40c.

50 dozen gents' lisle thread half Hose, tans, slates and fast black, 33 1/2c; cheap at 50c.

100 dozen misses' 1-1 rib and plain fast black Hose, 25c; regular price 40c.

125 dozen ladies' light weight fast black Hose, high spliced heel and double toe, 33 1/2c; worth 50c.

50 dozen ladies' silk Hose, fast black and slipper shades, ribbed and plain, 98c; worth \$1.50.

50 dozen infants' plain and 1-1 ribbed fast black Hose, full regular made, 15c; worth 25c.

Boys' Knee Protectors; Jersey, 25c; leather, 35c.

Embroideries.

Tomorrow we offer:

A lot of Cambric and Swiss Edgings from one-half to four inches wide, at 5c yard.

A lot of very fine Cambric Nainsook and Swiss Edgings, some very choice goods amongst them, they are worth 50c; our price 25c yard.

### Ribbons.

Enticing Bargains.

500 pieces all pure Silk Moire and Gros Grains, from one to three inches wide, at 10c yard.

Laces.

New Point de Genes.

New Point de Irelands.

New Smyrnas, Torchons and Valenciennes.

By odds the most interesting and attractive Lace Department in the city and all lovers of the beautiful should linger at this counter.

### Wash Dress Goods.

2 cases new Ginghams, good patterns, and worth 8c; you buy them of us at 5c yard.

7,500 yards best American Shirting Prints at 5c yard.

5,000 yards Printed Batiste worth 10c, we will offer them Monday at 6 1/2c yard.

75 pieces Printed China Cloth at 7 1/2c yard.

150 pieces Outing Cloth only 10c yard.

7,500 yards fine, Zephyr finish Gingham, Monday at 8 1/2c yard.

300 pieces Zephyr Gingham worth 15c yard, patterns of 10-yard lengths, been used in window; your choice Monday at \$1 a pattern.

### Gents' Furnishing

#### Department.

A full and complete line of Men's Fixing for Spring and Summer. The largest Gents' Furnishers south.

100 dozen Men's Night Robes made of regular Night Robe cotton, are worth the world over 75c, Monday 49c each.

Slate mode tan and brown Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, have sold for \$2 per suit; a starter at 50c per garment.

Men's fine Brown Balbriggan Shirts, a leader for Monday only 25c each.

One lot Men's Brown Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, job lot, are worth in stock, \$1.50 per suit, to close all out at 35c each.

The line of Men's Neckwear which we have just received for Easter and Spring trade are beaties to behold.

500 dozen Gents' Silk Teck Scarfs, 48c, are selling elsewhere at 75c and \$1 each.

350 dozen men's four-in-hand silk Ties, are worth 75c, to run at 48c each.

Ladies' square cut and V shape neck lisle thread Vests, 25c each; cannot be matched under 35c.

### Umbrellas.

Ladies' Glorias, in 26 inch, with ring handles, at 80c; worth \$1.50.

Ladies' and men's 26-inch English Gloria Umbrellas, have sold for \$1.75, now \$1 each.

Gents' 26 and 28-inch English Gloria, are worth \$2, Monday only \$1.25.

### Shoes.

Spring Stock Daily Being Received.

### Special

#### MONDAY

#### Attractions.

A lot of 300 pair of "Gray Bros." ladies' French kid Shoes, all sizes and styles; we, heretofore, have done as everybody does, sold these Shoes at \$5; the price on Monday is \$3.50 pair.

Another bargain: Every lady knows Bolton's Shoes—how comfortable they are, how neat looking, how long wearing—we offer tomorrow the \$4 kind at \$2.50.

10 cases of ladies' patent tip Oxford shoes, we have seen many inferior ones sold in Atlanta for \$2, the sear new, and are worthy of your inspection and purchasing at \$1.50 a pair.

500 pairs ladies' common sense Oxford Ties, truly worth \$1.75, at \$1.25.

In children's, misses', boys' and gentlemen's Shoes, you will find attractive things at attractive prices.

(Second floor—take elevator.)

### Wraps,

#### Wrappers and

#### Tea Gowns.

A lot of children's all wool Reefers, in tans and blues, trimmed braid, sizes, 4 to 12 years, at \$1.50 each.

Ladies' black and navy blue Blazers, worth \$3.25 elsewhere, at \$2.50.

Ladies' fine tailor-made Blazers, ought to sell at \$4.50, tomorrow at \$3.

250 ladies' Shirt Waists, at 59c each.

175 ladies' black ground Shirt Waists, with colored dots, very new, at \$1 each.

Ladies' tailor-made, Suits, tans, grays, blacks and blues, they are all wool, well fitting and very cheap at \$8.95 each.

New Spring Jackets,

New Spring Coats,

New Cloth Capes,

New Lace Capes,

Tea Gowns,

Silk Tea Gowns,

Challie Tea Gowns,

Henrietta Tea Gowns, from \$12.50 to \$25 each.

Wrappers—

Calico, 98c.

Cambric, \$1.25.

Percale, \$1.50.

Gingham, \$1.50.

(Second Floor—Take Elevator.)

### Muslin Underwear.

5,000 new Aprons just opened.

Crocheted Under Skirts, in white, black and colors, reduced from \$1 to 50c each.

New silk Skirts.

New Lansdown Skirts.

Ladies' muslin Drawers, good quality, at 25c each.

Ladies' white Skirts, with cambric ruffle, at 49c.

Ladies' Gowns, yoke and sleeves trimmed with embroidery, special at 50c.

Ladies' Gowns, elegantly trimmed with Valenciennes lace, at 98c.

### Corsets.

All the popular makes, at the most popular prices.

### Linen Department.

#### For Monday.

2 cases 11-4 White Quilts, worth \$1 each, at 75c.

1 case 12-4 White Quilts worth \$1.50 each, at 98c.

50 fine imported 12-4 Marseilles Quilts, worth \$3.25 to \$3.50 each, at \$2.29.

25 pieces Linen Crash at 7 1/2c.

15 pieces fine Russia Crash at 10.

25 6-4 Tapestry Table Covers, worth \$2, at \$1.25 each.

1,000 bleached double Huck Towels, 22x42 inches, worth 30c at 19c each.

50 dozen checked Doyleys at 25c dozen.

25 dozen large bleached Linen Doyleys, worth \$1.50, at \$1 dozen.

### Specials in Notions.

A few specials in this department that will pay you to examine and get prices on.

Best Whalebone casing, 2c yard.

The 5c dozen Hooks and Eyes at 14c gross.

The "Whale Brand" Whalebones at 7c bunch.

Superior Dress Belting at 3c a yard.

No. 2 seamless Stockinet Dress Shields, 13c pair.

Best quality Dress Braid, 4c roll.

Ivory Buttons only 3c dozen.

Best 20 line Pearl Buttons at 9c dozen.

All silk tailor Buttons, 22 line, 7 1/2c dozen.

Genuine leather, silver buckel Belts, 10c each.

Leather Pocketbooks, silver clasp 9c each.

Electric Hair Curlers, 9c each.

J. M. High & Co.'s English Pins at 5c paper.

Best American Pins, 366 pins in a paper, 1c paper.

### Jewelry.

Three band gilt and silver Bands, 49c each.

Genuine rubber, two band Bands at 23c each.

Gentlemen's three-button Stud Buttons, only 35c set.

Genuine cut steel, gilt and silver Bracelets, 9c each.

Those 25c gilt and silver Hair Pins, to go at 15c dozen.

The non-separable Pearl Cuff Buttons, 25c pair.

Another lot of those solid Gold Rings, for children, just received; to go at 25c each.

Those \$2.50 fancy Silk Garters to be sold Monday at 98c pair.

25c Stick Pins at 9c each.

15c Stick Pins at 4c each.

The 10c Rubber Pins to go at 5c each.

The popular 35c dozen Rubber Pins to go at 20c dozen.

### Soaps and Extracts.

The BUTTERMILK COMPLEXION Soap

will be for sale in our

Notion stock Monday.

The greatest Soap in

the world for removing

discolorations, regular

price 25c cake.

Special on Mondays

and Fridays at 10c

cake.

Colgate's Extracts, all odors, 21c bottle.

Colgate's Violet Water, 35c bot.

Crab Apple Blossom extract, 65c ounce.

Imported pint-size Bay Rum, 19c bottle.

Imperial Ammonia, special, 8c bot.

Have You Seen Our Neckwear Window? No!

Well, then you haven't seen the choicest productions of the Scarf Art that this spring has to show.

For a line of handsome and attractive Ties at the ever popular price of

50c.

It stands unique and unequalled.

No matter whether you are Suit-hunting, or after the newest style in a Hat, it is here with us for you this season. And the Boys have not been forgotten. We have provided for them as nobby and excellent patterns as rule in our men's clothing, and we can give you \$10.00 Suits for them that are prime values.

Safely we can say this spring

EVERYTHING IN MEN'S ATTIRE

A. P. B. & S.

EVERYTHING IN MEN'S ATTIRE.

24 Whitehall Street, Corner Alabama.

### MILLER'S.



BLACK AND BROWN.

A. O. M. GAY & SON,

Sole Agents,

18 Whitehall Street, ATLANTA.

### AMUSEMENTS OPERA HOUSE

ONE WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY MARCH 21

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

GRAU'S - COMIC - OPERA - CO.

AT POPULAR PRICES.

Change of Opera Every Night.

MONDAY NIGHT, SAID PASHA.

TUESDAY NIGHT, BOHEMIAN - GIRL.

Large and Pretty Chorus, Our Own Orchestra.

Prices: 50c.; 35c.; 15c. Reserved, 25c. extra. Matinee: Admission and reserved, 50c.; Children, 25c.

### BOW KNOT PINS!

BOW KNOT CHATELAINES!

BOW KNOT PINS!

The prettiest designs and largest assortment of Silver and Gold Bow Knot Pins and Chatelaines in the city at

MAIER & BERKELE'S,

93 WHITEHALL STREET,

1st 14th ann't col

FOR SALE.

22 Second-hand fire and burglar-proof safes, of nearly all styles, makes and prices.

R. J. WILES.







## HUNGER'S VICTIMS.

Life in the Russian Famine Districts Described.

## THE VARIOUS TYPES OF PEOPLE THERE.

Russians and Tartars, Christians and Mohammedans, All Mixed Up Together.

Copyrighted for the Constitution.

London, March 19.—So much has already been said, in a statistical and economic way, about the Russian famine, that a more than ordinary interest has been awakened in the 20,000,000 subjects of the czar, over whom the shadow of this great calamity hangs like a funeral pall.

Some time ago the writer had the good fortune to spend several months among the population of the districts now smitten with famine, for the express purpose of studying them and their mode of life. The population is made up of four distinct nationalities and various types, of which the patient and long-suffering slave peasant, the orthodox Moujik, is by far the more numerous and important element.

The Moujiks are the children of the Russian soil, the mastery of church and state, those twin autocracies of secular and religious power in holy Russia that, by working together, undertake to control and exploit the population, body and soul. One represents God, the other the czar, his earthly representative, and, to the Moujik mind, entitled to much the same degree of reverential devotion.

The Russian Moujiks represent the extreme limit of human simplicity and good nature, and although they have advanced slightly in knowledge and understanding since their emancipation from serfdom thirty years ago, are, in ignorance and superstition, fully a century behind the peasant of western Europe.

Ordinarily, the district now smitten with famine resembles the rolling prairies of Illinois and in parts the forest tracts of Michigan or northern Indiana; with rye, oats and potatoes as the chief products of the soil, however, instead of maize. A novel feature to an American are the numerous tracts of artificial forests of pine or birch, with the trees planted in straight rows.



There are no separate farmsteads, the population living in villages, which are small and numerous. From an advantageous position, as on a ridge, as many as a dozen villages may lie within one's range of vision. A village usually consists of two long rows of log houses strung disjointedly along either side of a broad road. The houses are unpainted log cabins, ordinarily thatched with straw, but occasionally with a roof of tin, painted red, green or blue.

The broad agricultural realm of the Russian empire consists of Moujiks, or so of these miniature Moujik republics, called mirs, to the inhabitants of which the czar is a demi-god as omnipotent as Jove. The mir, not the individual Moujik, or family, is the administrative and financial unit with which the St. Petersburg authorities deal. The mir is the unit of assessment of imperial taxes, and if any of the members of the community are incapable of paying their share the burden has to be assumed by their neighbors, who arrange for compensation according to the law and usage of the village.

From the czar down the long sliding scale of government officers, to the starosta or village mayor, all are supposed to be quite incapable of managing his own affairs; a simple Simon, whose usefulness in life is measured by his capacity for grubbing the soil and yielding the taxes. Always poor, always improvident, he is forever in debt to the village usurer and grog-shop keeper, and is usually behind hand, and consequently in a miserable, and becomes a wretched and outcast, and his taxes. Occasionally his stock, implements and grain are seized for debt, in which case he is no longer able to farm his share in the mir land, and so becomes a "betrak" or "landless one." The betrak state is the bete noir of the Russian peasant. Without land to work out a living on the soil, he is forced to work for wages, and precarious existence by drudging for neighbors who are but little better off than himself.

The ignorance and superstition of the Moujik would be comical were it not the pathetic for unscrupulous comment. Witchcraft and sorcery are to them, yet, potent factors in their every-day affairs. Their creed is a curious mixture of superstition and demonology. It is, indeed, often difficult to define where paganism ends and Christianity begins, in the belief of the average Moujik.

In his house, the same corner that was, in old pagan times, occupied by the family idols, is now devoted to the icons or sacred pictures of the orthodox church. Now, as then, this is the "beautiful corner," and food is reverently placed before the icons, as it was before the idols, by his pagan ancestors, centuries ago. The patron saint of the Moujik is St. Nicholas, whom he supposes, in his foggy way, to be the third person of the trinity.

The "Nicholai Icon," a picture of the saint holding a church in one hand and a sword in the other, set in a deep, box-like receptacle, and gaily adorned with brass, silver, tinsel and wax flowers, is found in the "beautiful corner" of every peasant's house in Russia and is the most venerated of all the household gods. The Moujik burns tapers and places food before it, much as the Hindu puts do before their idols. In their gratitude for the shiploads of grain sent to them from America the Moujiks will turn first of all to their "beautiful corner," and, hats reverently removed, place little saucers of

the American flour and meal before the "Nicholai Icon."

To a man, almost, the Russian Moujiks are experts with the ax, and can haul logs and build a house far better than the average log cabin of the west. While in process of building a wooden cross is always erected close by, as a measure of protection against evil spirits. These crosses, indeed, are everywhere in evidence. They are painted on the stable doors to prevent the witches invading the cow stalls at night and drying up the milk cows. Crosses are marked on the ceilings of huts and houses, and mark the site of the household well or spring.

Ordinary periods of drought are overcome by the simple process of digging up a dead body and consigning it to the nearest river, a relic of paganism that nowadays has to be done in secret, as it is prohibited by law. During the present extraordinary drought and famine many a corpse has been secretly dug up from the cemeteries, and under cover of the darkness consigned to the waters of the Volga, Don, Dnieper and other Russian rivers, to the nearest and most stitious Moujiks, whose faith in these



RUSSIAN GIN MILL, TARTAR AND ROUSSEAU. heathen formulas neither time nor disappointment seems to shake.

No class of people in the world are so well content with their coarse fare and hard conditions of life as these most hardy peasants. The ordinary fare is coarse rye bread, a porridge made of buckwheat and a cucumber, pickled in brine. On these rude cubes the Moujik manages to do a long and hard day's work, swinging the scythe in the hay or harvest field from early dawn to late at night.

On Sundays and holy days the village vodka shop is the rallying point of the male population, whilst the women gather about the doorsteps in little gossiping groups. In the village, the prevailing vice, and vodka drinking is at the root of most of the misery that comes upon him in ordinary times. His rags may be ineffective to cover his back; his house may be tumbling to pieces; his family may be on the brink of starvation; but the typical improvident vodka-loving Moujik hands over his last kopeck for vodka, then runs in debt for more. He pledges his growing crops, his only horse and cow, then pawns his future labor at a ruinous rate of discount. He then becomes as much of a serf in reality as before the emancipation.

Though by nature an improvident child, the hopelessness of the Moujik ahead of them, and what must seem to the vast majority of them, the uselessness of attempting to better their condition in life, is, no doubt, largely responsible for the prevailing drunkenness.

Next to the Moujiks the most numerous element of the population to whom we are sending relief are Tartars. Several of the Volga provinces and parts of the Crimea are inhabited largely by Tartars. They are of the Mohammedan faith, and as you pass up or down the Volga, the Tartar and the Russian villages are distinguishable from the Russian quarters with the gilt domes of the magnificent orthodox churches by the minarets of the mosques.

In these provinces of mixed Christian and Moslem population, the spires of the orthodox churches are crowned with devices illustrating the victory of the cross over the crescent. Yet although this sort of thing would seem to be a standing menace to the cultivation of friendly feeling between the two races, they, in reality, get

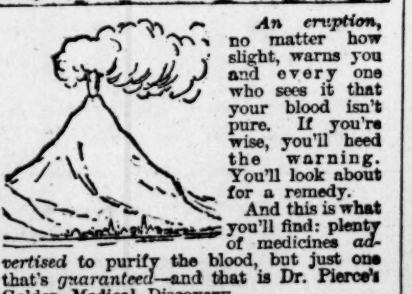


along famously well together. In many villages one side of the street is Tartar, the other Russian, the two races, the Tartar blood, religion and habits of life, rarely have cause for trouble, owing to the great good nature inherent in both, and subsimilarity of thought and action.

The Tartars are by preference petty merchants and artisans rather than farmers. They are prominently to the fore as waiters in hotels and restaurants, and you meet them anywhere on the Russian roads in the character of peddlers of small wares. Of all the races the writer encountered in Russia, the Tartars are, by far, the most favorable an impression as they are sober and industrious, hospitable and unassuming in a land where the stranger is the object of suspicion to nearly all but them. It is to be hoped that the agents who have gone over with American food ships to superintend its distribution will find that these very Tartars get their fair share of the supplies.

Besides these, there are, in the more southern parts of the famine district, many of the Caucasians. They are, with them to Russia the Tartars, methodical and thrifty habits of life; and, apart from governmental persecution and race prejudice, are in far better circumstances than their Moujik neighbors. If any part of the rural population have hidden stores of food to tide them over the famine, it is the Caucasians, and not the Russians, who seem to hate them, for no other reason than that the writer could fathom, than their too obvious superiority as agriculturists, and their prosperity in comparison with themselves.

The fourth great division are the Cossacks. These are as improvident as the Moujiks, but ordinarily much better off.



An eruption, no matter how small, warns you and every one who sees it that your blood isn't pure. If you're wise, you'll heed the warning. You'll look about for a remedy. And this is what you'll find: plenty of medicine. You'll find that to purify the blood, but just one Golden Medical Discovery. It's a medicine that does what is promised for it—that's the reason. It rouses every organ into healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and renews the entire system. All Blood Skin and Scaly Diseases, from a common eruption to the worst Scrofula are cured by it. For Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings, it's an unequalled remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back. You pay only for the good you get. Refuse substitutes, offered at less prices.

They are naturally predatory, however, and capable of wandering to the uttermost limits of the empire to forage for the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. But, as all are in more need of assistance, they are the most pitiable mendicant of them all is the orthodox Moujik. THOMAS STEVENS.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER—A. DRAMA.

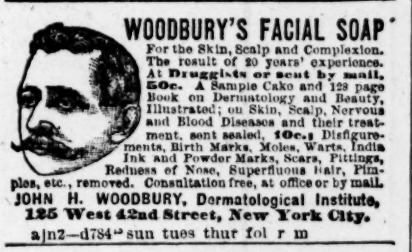
Author Speaks: But 10 per cent. star! 'Tis starvation price; it will not pay my summer bill for tea. Or buy my winter's coal. You like the plot. You say the book will sell; then, pray, why not? Give one, it's author, half, or say one-third. The price you put upon it? 'Tis absurd. To offer one who toiled so night and day Through many weary months such paltry pay.

Publisher Speaks: There are no money to be made in books; The business is not thriving as it looks; We pay the printer and the binder; we See! Look at this statement; he who runs may read!

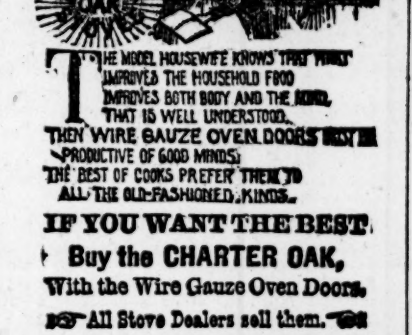
The publisher is the one who's made to bleed; The paper and the cloth are very dear; Why, man, at most, a bare two cents I clear On any book I publish—one that costs me dear. And lose it on the others. So, you see, My offer is quite princely. You'll do well. On 10 per cent, because your book will sell. My 2 per cent will vanish in an "ad." But I will share your glory and be glad; I've made the fame of many a struggling man. And always help a genius when I can.

That night the author climbed to his small flat. Where ill-dressed wife and hungry children And tried to reckon out, at 10 per cent. How many books must sell to pay his rent. And how his frail physical frame could stand Through dribbling royalties paid twice a year.

At the same hour, the publisher, poor man! Drove up the street behind his splendid span. And wondered how to best invest the gains His wife had won in selling other men's brains. Through dribbling royalties paid twice a year. ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 25 years' experience. At Druggists or sent by mail. Book on Dermatology and Beauty. Diseases of the Skin, Scalp and Hair. Blood and Blood Diseases and their treatment. Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Itch, Ringworm, etc. Remedy for all. JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 1285 West 42nd Street, New York City. Tel. 4784—Sun. Tues. Thurs. Fri. 10-12

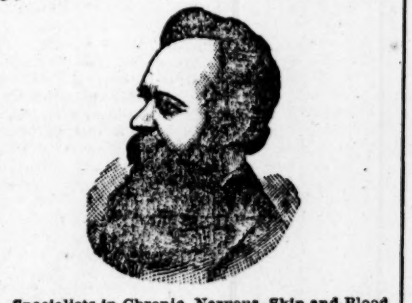


THE MODER HOUSEHOLD KNOWS THAT THIS IS THE BEST OF ALL THINGS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD. THEY WIRE GAUZE OVEN DOORS. THE BEST OF ALL THINGS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD. ALL THE HOUSEHOLD KNOWS. IF YOU WANT THE BEST. Buy the CHARTER OAK. With the Wire Gauze Oven Doors. All Store Dealers sell them.

NO BASTING REQUIRED IN ROASTING MEATS. WIRE GAUZE OVEN DOOR. THE JUICES ARE KEPT IN AND THE MEAT IS PERFECTLY COOKED.

Solely HUNNICUTT & BELLINGRATH Cor. Peachtree and Walton, Atlanta, Ga.

DRS. BETTS & BETTS PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, AND SPECIALISTS. 39 1/2 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.



Specialists in Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood Diseases. Consultation at office or by mail free. Medicines sent by mail or express, securely packed, free from observation. Guaranteed to cure quickly, safely and permanently.

The most widely and favorably known specialists in the United States. Their long experience, remarkable skill and universal success in the treatment and cure of Nervous, Chronic and Surgical Diseases, entitle them to the confidence of the afflicted everywhere. They guarantee:

A CERTAIN AND POSITIVE CURE FOR THE awful effects of early vice and the numerous evils that follow in its train.

PRIVATE, BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES speedily, completely and permanently cured.

HYPOCRISY AND VARIOUS COLE permanently and successfully cured in every case.

SPILLAGE, GONORRHEA, GLEET, Spermatocoele, Neuritis, Weakness, Lost Manhood, Night Emissions, Decayed Faculties, Female Weakness and all delicate disorders peculiar to either sex positively cured, as well as all functional disorders that result from youthful folly or the excess of nature.

STRUCTURE GUARANTEED permanently cured.

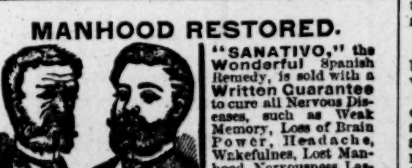
TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN. A SURE CURE. The awful effects of early vice, which destroy the mind and body, with all its dreary, life-long, permanent cure.

DRS. BETTS paired themselves by improper dietary habits, which ruin the mind and body, unfitting them for business, study or marriage.

MARRIED MEN, or those entering on that happy life, aware of physical debility, quickly assisted.

A friendly letter or call may save you future suffering and shame and add golden years to life. No letter answered unless accompanied by a cent in stamps. Address, or call on

DRS. BETTS & BETTS. 39 1/2 WHITEHALL STREET. ATLANTA - - - GA.



MANHOOD RESTORED.

REGENERATIVE. The wonderful "Manhood Restorer" is sold with a written guarantee to cure all Nervous Diseases, Loss of Manhood, Weakness, Loss of Brain Power, etc. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

MADE IN U.S.A. 333 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR SALE IN ATLANTA, GA. By Chat. O. Davis, Druggist, 121 Kimball House.

**"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."**  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
**CURE**  
**SICK HEADACHE, Disordered Liver, etc.**  
They Act Like Magic on the Vital Organs, Regulating the Secretions, restoring long lost Completion, bringing back the Keen Edge of Appetite, and arousing with the ROBUST OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These Pills are admitted by thousands, in all classes of Society, Largest Sale in the World.  
Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.  
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a Box. New York Depot, 45 Canal St.

**MANHOOD!**  
**How Lost! How Regained!**  
**THE SCIENCE OF LIFE**  
**KNOW THYSELF.**  
Or SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY ON NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, ERRORS OF YOUTH, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PRE-MATURE DECLINE, AND ALL DISEASES AND WEAKNESSES OF MAN. 30 pages, cloth, gilt; 125 invaluable prescriptions. Only \$1.00 per mail, double sealed. Descriptive Prospectus with endorsements of the Press and voluntary WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, etc., sent FREE! NOW. Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. INVOLUBLE SECRECY AND CERTAIN CURE. Address: Dr. W. H. Parker, or The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

**HUMAN HAIR GOODS.**  
**J. FUHRER,**  
93 PEACHTREE ST.

In order to reduce stock in human hair goods I will offer tomorrow (Monday): Hair switches, all long hair, \$1.50; gray switches, all long hair, \$2.50; latest styles in bangs, \$1 up; curling tongs, 5c; electric combs, 10c; waving irons, 3 and 6 prongs; largest assortment of wigs in the city. Theatrical and masquerade wigs for hire. Feb. 28—Sun. J. FUHRER, 93 Peachtree.

**AROUND THE WORLD.**  
**\$610.**  
CANADIAN PACIFIC ROUTE.

Tickets good either eastward or westward. For pamphlets, time tables and other information, apply to C. SHERIDAN, D. P. A., 111 Fort St., W. Detroit, Mich. mar12 1st sun.

**R** HINE WINE.  
**R** HINE WINE.  
**R** HINE WINE.  
**R** HINE WINE.  
**R** HINE WINE.

The largest and best selected stock in the south. All grades and prices.

**BLUTHENTH & BICKART,**  
**"B. & B."**  
and 46 Marietta Street. Telephone 37.

**THE STURTEVANT HOUSE**  
**NEW YORK.**

**AMERICAN PLAN**  
\$2.50 to \$3.50 Per Day.  
**EUROPEAN PLAN**  
\$1.00 per day Upward.

**THE STURTEVANT HOUSE**  
is the most central in the city; near all elevated roads, street car lines, principal places of amusement, large retail stores.  
All the Comforts of Home with the additional conveniences of the Metropolis is offered our guests.

**THE STURTEVANT HOUSE,**  
Broadway, 28th & 29th Sts., New York, N. Y. Jan 17—6th sun Fri

**CURE YOURSELF!**  
Ask your Druggist for a bottle of Big Cure. The only non-potent remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases which are the result of youthful folly or the excess of nature. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

**Buildings for Waterworks**  
Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Board of Water Commissioners, Atlanta, Ga., until 11 o'clock a. m., Friday, April 1, 1892, for the construction of the following:  
STATION NO. 1, CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER. One pump house and boiler room, intake well, and laying 48-inch intake pipe from river to pump well. Chimney, 125 feet high, with a six-foot square flue.  
STATION NO. 2, BELT RAILROAD. Pump house and boiler room, clear water basin, and laying a 24-inch pipe from clear water basin to pump.

Masonry and superstructure for bridge to carry track of Belt Railroad over twenty-foot street. One chimney 125 feet high, with a six-foot square flue. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of city engineer. GEO. W. KELLEY, Jr., Secretary.

**MAN'S PILLS!**  
(Wholesale)—(Compounded). SAFE, CERTAIN & EFFECTUAL. Used monthly by 10,000 American women who find relief from all menstrual troubles by its use. Send for (stamp) "Woman's Pills" by mail. Circular free. Address: Dr. J. C. Williams, 121 Kimball House, New York City.

**GOFF'S GIANT GLOBULES!**  
Brought to light by the fact that "Globe" is a name for a medicine, and "Globe" is a name for a medicine. Send for (stamp) "Globe" by mail. Circular free. Address: Dr. J. C. Williams, 121 Kimball House, New York City.

JO. WPAWAT, President. CHAS. A. COLLIER, Vice President. JACOB HAAS, Cash.  
**THE CAPITAL CITY BANK,**  
**CITY DEPOSITORY.**  
CAPITAL, \$400,000. SURPLUS, \$100,000.  
Individual liability same as national banks; transacts a general banking business; commercial paper discounted; loans made upon approved collateral, and collections on points in the United States, Canada and throughout Europe, made on the most favorable terms; draw our own bills of exchange on Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, Austria and other European states; invite the accounts of individuals, firms, banks, bankers and corporations; issue demand certificates or savings bank book to draw interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum if left 60 days, 4 per cent per annum if left 6 months; 4 1/2 per cent per annum if left 12 months.

W. A. HEMPHILL, President. H. T. INMAN, Vice Pres. ALONZO RICHARDSON, Cash.  
**The Atlanta Trust & Banking Co.**  
CORNER FRYOR AND ALABAMA STREETS.  
Capital, \$150,000. Undivided Profits, \$30,000.  
TOTAL LIABILITY OF STOCKHOLDERS, \$320,000.

A general banking business transacted. Superior advantages for handling collections. Commercial paper discounted at current rates. Loans made on marketable collaterals. Accounts of Banks, Corporations, Firms and Individuals Solicited.

Issues certificates of deposit payable on demand, drawing interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum if left three months; 4 1/2 per cent per annum if left six months; and 5 per cent per annum if left twelve months.  
DIRECTORS: W. A. Hemphill, H. T. Inman, Charles N. Fowler, H. Y. McCord, E. C. Spalding, J. Carroll Payne, A. J. Shropshire, Alonzo Richardson.

**GATE CITY NATIONAL BANK,**  
OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA.  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$300,000.  
SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE VAULT.

Boxes to rent at from \$5 to \$20 per annum, according to size. Interest paid on deposits as follows: Issues Demand Certificates to draw interest at the rate of 3 per cent per annum if left four months; 4 per cent per annum if left six months; 4 1/2 per cent per annum if left twelve months. Accommodations limited solely by the requirements of sound banking principles. Patronage solicited.

R. F. Maddox, Pres't.; J. W. Rucker, Vice Pres't.; W. L. Peel, Cash'r.; G. A. Nicholson, Asst' Cash'r.  
**Maddox - Rucker Banking Co.**  
Capital, \$150,000. Charter Liability, \$300,000.

Transact a general Banking Business; approved paper discounted, and loans made on collateral will be pleased to meet or correspond with parties contemplating changing or opening new accounts. Issue interest-bearing certificates of deposit payable on demand, as follows: 4 per cent, if left 60 days; 5 per cent, if left six months.

**D. C. LOEB;**  
MAINZ, GERMANY—ATLANTA, GA., U. S. A.  
SOLE SELLING AGENTS—  
**PABST MILWAUKEE BEER!**

Centennial, Oscar Pepper, Silver Sheaf, Old Crow, Winkler.  
We take import orders on Oppenheimer Berg, Hockheime Auslese, Schloss Johannesberger, Laubenheimer.

Address all Orders to Our Atlanta Office, Corner Broad and Mitchell Streets.

**Atlanta Trunk Factory.**  
This old man has four daughters. The face of each appears in the accompanying cut. To any one discovering the four profiles and writing us describing their positions we will sell them our regular \$15 bridal trunk for \$9. Solve the puzzle, and if you need a trunk, there's \$6 to be saved.

**LIEBERMAN & KAUFMANN.**  
94 WHITEHALL ST.

**THE TRIPOD PAINT CO.,**  
—MANUFACTURERS OF—  
**PURE & READY-MIXED : PAINTS,**

Piedmont White Lead, "l'Etoile" One-Coat Carriage Paints, "Adamant" Floor Paint, Oil Wood Stains, Pure Colors in Oil, Graining Colors, Etc., Etc., Dealer in PAINTERS' AND ARTISTS' SUPPLIES, Varnishes, Window Glass, Cement, Etc., Etc.

**FACTORY, STORE AND OFFICE,**  
375 Decatur Street. 56 and 58 Marietta Street.

**SOME OF THE LEADING FIRMS OF THE CITY.**  
**HUNNICUTT & BELLINGRATH** Mantels, Tile and Grates, Gas and Electric Fixtures, Paints, Stains, Steam and Gas Fitters, Architectural sheet metal workers. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

**EAST LAKE NOW READY.** Organize your boat club! Special rates will be given you at East Lake—boats and bathing. Have all your entertainments and picnics at East Lake. Over 35 acres of water. Take the Decatur trolley East Lake. If you wish a home call on T. C. Hampton, Secretary, 20 Broad street, Atlanta, Ga.

**J. M. SWANSON TICKET BROKER.** RAILROAD TICKETS at reduced rates. Old. 30 Wall St., opposite Union Depot.

**STOCKS! COAL CO.** Dealers in Anthracite and Bituminous coal. Wholesale and retail. 97 W. Fulton St.

**M. HAVERTY.** Furniture dealer, office and salesroom at 71 Whitehall and 64 S. Broad. Estimates given free. Give me a call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

**LESSONS IN CHINA** and Oil Painting at Lyett's, 33 1/2 Whitehall street. Special attention given to getting up buildings and wedding presents. Ladies taught to paint their own gifts. A large assortment of artist's materials at bottom prices. China fired for amateurs.

**OSLER FURNITURE DEALER** Sales Room, 83 South Broad street, for the \$12 Suits of New Furniture Second-hand Goods of every description bought and sold. Desks, Office Fittings, etc.

**RUBBER STAMPS.** Hotel and Key Checks. Atlanta Rubber Stamp and Stencil Works, Telephone 519, 87 South Broad street.

**GOLDSMITH** Real Estate and Loan Agency, 30 South Broad Street, have very large and desirable list of improved and unimproved city properties. Deal largely in suburban and acreage lands. Refer to Bankers and Merchants of Atlanta.

**ATLANTA WIRE AND IRON WORKS** Wire Railing, Wire Window Guards and Wire Elevator Ropes for banks, stores, offices and public buildings. 30 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

**D. O. STEWART:** 4,370 acres virgin fine timber in South Georgia at \$2 per acre. 38 No. Broad st.

**A. L. CUESTA** Importer and Manufacturer of Havana Cigars. 3 Edgewood Avenue.

**THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,** Leaders in Sewing Machines. Standard Paper Patterns. Fashionable Free. 35 Peachtree street.

**STANDARD** ROTARY SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—A high-grade machine of the very best material, case-hardened steel at wearing points; runs so true and lighter, 50 per cent faster; 200 per cent more solid than the vibrating shuttle machine. We challenge 50 men with any machine on the market. Standard Sewing Machine Co., 121 Whitehall, Atlanta, Ga.

Habits Cured without physical or mental injury. Treatment identical with that of Dr. Keeler, at Dwight, Illinois. For particulars, address THIS RELIABLE INSTITUTION, Edgewood Avenue and 177 street, Atlanta, Ga.

**ATLANTA MARBLE WORKS** Marble and Granite. Fine Monumental Work of every description. Robins R. Co., Proprietors. 21 Lloyd street, Atlanta, Ga.

**D. MORRISON** Real Estate Agent, No. 67 E. Hunter street. Makes a specialty of small homes in the city and suburbs, and is now offering some splendid bargains to home buyers in these four and five-room houses on easy payments.

**SMITH & STONEY** The Finest Drugs and Medicines. Whitehall street, corner Mitchell.

**J. J. LOGUE** Tents, awnings and Mosquito Nets. Furniture repaired and upholstered. 23 Hunter street.

**MAIER & BERKELE** Wholesale, Retail and Manufacturing Jewelers, Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, etc.; resetting diamonds and fine watch and jewelry repairing a specialty. 30 Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga.

**PALMER BROS.** Contracting painters, interior hard-wood finishers and decorators; estimates given promptly; first-class work a specialty. "Phone 522. Office: 1 South Broad street.

**RELINANCE LIQUOR CO.** Importers and Bottlers, 181 Decatur street, wants orders for Wines and Liquors, in retail quantities, at wholesale prices. Put up in quarts, pints and jugs.

**THOS. KIRKE & CO.** Gasoline Stoves, Oil and Gas Stoves. Picture Framing.

**THE OLD BOOK STORE**



400 FINE  
Consigned by all the prominent  
Elegantly Matched Teams, Ever  
COME TO THIS SALE, to  
mar 13 d22 sun bot col

# HORSES, B

owners and Breeders in Tennessee  
 animal in this sale will be sold for j  
 you can get just what you want at y

**—100 Standard Bred Trotters (sta**  
**at what they will bring, AND BUY**  
**our own price. For catalogues add**

APRIL 4 1968

o Grand Looking Roadsters and  
THIS FACT.  
PARMER, FINCH

AND 7TH  
rivers, 80 Fine Saddlers, and 20 pair  
CO., Managers, Nashville, Tenn

Switzerland, and everybody the vatican will recall to and multi-colored uniform of his holiness, which we an artist than Michael A but the other day that











## ABOUT MANTELS.

The Quiet, Tasteful Designs Are Comparatively Rare.

THE COMPONENT PARTS OF A DESIGN.

The Top or Over-Mantel and Its Worth. Ornamentation and Other Features in Its Composition.

Copyrighted for The Constitution.

"Who buys these things?" was asked of a furniture manufacturer by the writer, some time ago, as he looked at some of the most beautiful mantels in the city. The answer was, "The few who are willing to pay for them." The writer looked at the mantels and saw that they were not only beautiful, but also useful. They were made of wood, and were painted in various colors. They were also decorated with carvings and other ornaments. The writer was struck by the beauty and utility of these mantels, and he decided to write about them.

This is about the state of affairs the house owner usually meets with when he comes to select his mantel, and quiet, tasteful designs are comparatively rare. Of course, if the house is an expensive one, the mantels are designed with the "trim" by the architect, with more or less success, as the case may be, but there are thousands of cases in which the mantels are bought like pieces of movable furniture, and there should be a demand and supply of well-designed work for people with refined taste to select from.

It should be remembered in designing and selecting mantels, too, that they are to be seen at short range, and that good proportions and delicate are qualities which will wear better in the long run than elaborate and profuse ornaments. Good carving is expensive, as it requires a highly trained class of labor. If there is much real carving in cheap work it is very sure to be bad. Imitation carving, designed on classical models, is now made extensively from a

putty composition, pressed with molds while soft, and afterwards glued on when required. These designs are generally good, as the patterns used have been refined and studied ever since classical architecture has been in existence. They may be had in wreaths, festoons, ornamental moldings, etc., but all have the limitation of being applicable only to work that is to be painted.

In mantels finished in the natural wood the safer course is to depend on harmonious combinations of panels, beaded work

and other details, and to avoid the use of the bracket support of shelf in figure 2.

Figures 4 and 5 show profiles of shelves. The plan of cutting grooves in the top of the shelf to prevent a photograph or plaque from slipping is a convenient one and not often thought of, unless special instructions are given.

As to the top or over mantel, it is often a question whether it is worth the additional expense, unless a good deal of importance is attached to the feature. In a parlor mantel, where a brace-brac may be displayed, or in a dining room mantel, where a place is desired for rare and beautiful pieces of china, the space above the shelf is often more useful, especially in bedrooms and libraries, for a fine painting or mirror, and the panel work composing the top is liable to be a little suggestive of the headboard of a bedstead, unless carried around the sides of the chimney so as to completely escape its notice.

In the ornamentation of the constructive features of a mantel, if we lay aside the question of carving, there are one or two inexpensive devices which may be resorted to—the putty applied ornament mentioned above for painted woods—and moldings turned from natural wood in various patterns of beading. These are manufactured in all sizes and shapes, and from various woods, and may be used effectively planted in the flutings of pilasters along the moldings of the shelf or around the panels. One or two good patterns are shown in figure 6. They give a series of points of high light and shadow, which enrich the work nearly as much as carving, without a great expense. Care should be employed in using them, however, on panels. If they are glued directly to the panel itself, the shrinkage of the wood across the grain of the panel is liable to throw off the moldings which run at right

angles to it. These moldings, however, may be safely glued to the heavier molding outside.

As in all other items of finishing a house, better effects and more harmonious ones are secured if the mantels and fireplaces are planned and arranged for with the design of the house. The system of buying mantels like pieces of movable furniture often results in a discordance. If planned with the house, many special effects can be obtained—cupboards and book shelves worked in with the mantel behind the framing around the fireplace, as was often done in the old houses of colonial times—or the fireplace placed in a bay or alcove with broad seats at the sides, giving a cozy corner on a winter night. In the latter case they may be worked in with the bookcases, as shown in the sketch. Being made a part of the "trim" of the room always adds to their appropriateness, and the harmony of the whole.

The material for mantels naturally follows the selection made for the "trim" of the room. Low-cost houses are furnished nowadays largely in what is known to the trade as white wood. It is soft and

easy to work, clear in grain, takes paint and stain well and is not very expensive. Clear white pine is hard to get and hence becomes costly, and white wood answers the purpose very well. It can be stained to imitate cherry or mahogany with very good effect. An occasional piece of wood with excellent results, but the wood lacks the beauty of grain of natural oak. Painting a white wood mantel is perhaps the most satisfactory way of finishing it. It gives a range of color which can always

be adapted to suit the papering of decorations of the room. A light coffee-colored shade of paint is a safe choice, and if the decoration is quiet is pretty sure to harmonize.

In altering old houses it is wise to think twice before deciding to pull out old work to make room for new. Many of the older houses have exquisite colonial mantels which it is vandalism to move. The dealers in second-hand material have often made handsome profits in buying such work cheap and selling it to those who were well enough posted to appreciate its value.

A friend of the writer's recently consulted him about replacing his dining

room mantel with a new one. He described the present mantel as an old fashioned marble thing and was anxious to get something up to modern ideas. On inspection the mantel in question proved to be a beautiful piece of red Lisbon marble, quiet and respectable in design and lovely in color. The advice that he had a handsome thing and had better let it remain my brush, to the astonishment of his daughter, I met Dilly—part and parcel of the household belongings a never-ending source of amusement and annoyance to her mother.

"Mamma," said Madeline, "Dilly forgot to wash my brush, and I asked her to clean my brush. Dilly said, 'I will clean my brush for you, but you must clean my brush for me.'"

"And, mamma, cook says Dilly will not 'just' clean my brush properly! Oh! mamma, why do you keep such an ignorant creature in the house?"

Just then the offending Dilly appeared, fuster in one hand, a dainty walking boot in the other, a vision about four and a half feet high, with very white skin, red hair, and a pair of curls starting in all directions, and two of the brightest eyes that ever gazed in the face of a child.

"Please, mamma, I forgot—"

Dilly was excused to attend to the neglected duties, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"

"Not much 'o' nothin', but I can wait on the young ladies."

"Do you like to work?"

"No, missus, I hates it! Very frank, you observe, but with promises to try very hard and please me, I consented to keep her, trusting she might be useful. Such a time as we had, the state during mornings to listen to Madeline as she practices; she stops cleaning to watch Margaret paint; she will stand in the hall, pretending to work, while she listens to Katherine reading aloud, and she stances in rapid adoration of our one society daughter as she assists her with her wraps evenings. We feel as though we possessed a priceless treasure, and I despair of ever making anything practical of her."

My perplexed friend then went out for a few moments, and what is Dilly, and where did you find her? I asked.

"Well, my friend, 'I took her'—or she 'took me'. The same old story—father died, mother sick and Dilly the oldest of seven children—always seven, you know. One morning she came here, asked for me and said: 'I've come to live with you, missus!'

"You have! What can you do?"















132 South 5th Avenue,  
Emulsion of cod-liver  
do. \$1.









## KEELY COMPANY.

### SECOND EXHIBITION OF DRESS GOODS.

*Have You Money To Spend?  
Have You Wants To Supply?*

At the risk of offending some of the great ones, we'll stake out a little claim on the Dress Goods earth. A claim that in spite of the own-it-all people—shall cover quality, quantity, richness, beauty, individuality of design and price-cheapness. Everything recommends our styles: The unassailable beauty, the liberality of selection. They are winning golden opinions and corresponding success.

### AN EVER CHANGING ARRAY OF NOVELTIES

All that is new, all that is to be desired in Dress Goods—not the barest glimmer of a break in the long line of handsome stranger-fabrics now awaiting an examination by you.

**29c** By the armful is the way women have been carrying away those Wool Storm Serges, Changeable Cheviots and Twilled Wool Suitings which are intrinsically worth double the paltry 29c we have put on them. They are hints of our bargains.

Critical judges arise and call them phenomenal values—the Shepherd Plaids, Hair-line Suitings, Scotch Homespuns, French Cheviots, Novelty Chevrons, Storm Serges, Camel's-Hair Effects and a score of other \$1 styles and sorts that we offer Monday at 49c yard.

**49c**

### Two Special Prices That Will Create A Stir Everywhere

Imported Fancy Striped Cheviot at 49c, worth 85c.  
Imported Pure Wool Serges at 49c, worth 85c.  
Imported Striped Wool Chevrons at 49c, worth 85c.  
Imported Plaid Camel's-Hair at 49c, worth 85c.  
Imported Wool Mixed Melanges at 49c, worth 85c.

### THE OTHER:

Imported Fancy Suitings at 98c, worth \$1.25.  
Imported Wide Wale Cords at 98c, worth \$1.25.  
Imported French Twills at 98c, worth \$1.25.  
Imported English Serges at 98c, worth \$1.25.  
Imported French Crepons at 98c, worth \$1.25.

### HERE ARE SOME OF THE NEWEST:

Fine Coche Chevals.  
Silk Warp Gloria Cloths.  
Crocodile Suitings.  
Silk and Wool Chevrons.

### AND NOW COMES THE SUPERB ROBE PATTERNS.

#### A BRILLIANT BURST OF BEAUTY.

The display is like a dream. It isn't anywhere else in town. Blood tells; style tells—our Novelty Suits only add new mountains of proof. The master-stroke of the shrewd buyer shows all through the price-tags. There is no rival stock. No chance for rivalry. The collection is simply perfect. All sorts and shades for street and evening wear. Of course this advertisement will be quickly translated into business. We print nothing that is not worth thoughtful attention. The consequent confidence produces results.

### ITEMS INDICATIVE OF PRICES AND STYLES

**At \$5.97**

A tale of woe from New York. An importer made a mess of trying to import. The Suits are new and good. We secured them at the inevitable sacrifice sale. They'll be on bargain counter Monday.

**At \$6.98**

An assortment of Tufted Camel's-Hair, Scotch Tweed, French Swivel and a dozen other fresh fashions including Suits of Fancy Bedfords and Fine Twills worth easily \$10 in any market.

**At \$8.49**

About 60 of these choice and exclusive Suits, embracing the season's rage—Silk Striped Crepons and exquisite Tufted designs. Who's good at scrambling? Smart women will most tumble over one another for these.

**At \$10.00**

Suits of Bedford Cord Diagonals, perhaps a paradox to say it. But there is a Diagonal with a round Whipcord Wale quite different from an ordinary Diagonal. A line of seven colors flecked with dots of Silk.

**At \$12.50**

Exquisite Novelties in Striped Wool Crape, solid grounds with Stripes, Cluster Stripes and Alternating Stripes, Wool Material with bright Silk Glace Borders and Side-bands which are again so new and popular.

**At \$15.00**

Ombre-striped Chevrons, Suits of Homespun with All-over Polka Spots like magnified water drops—others with Cords, Curly-cues and Lace work. They are selling elsewhere at 30 per cent more than \$15.

**At \$18.00**

Crazy Crepon Suits, crinkly cords like withered Bedfords, quaint Crocodile effects—dainty Damasse designs and the whole brood of wavy, wedgy, wrinkled idiosyncrasies. Prices, in every case, easy.

### Special Bargains In Silks Monday.

## KEELY COMPANY.

**THE FAIR**  
NAPKINS,  
25c Dozen.

**THE FAIR**  
Fine White  
Lawn, 6c.

**THE FAIR**  
Lonsdale  
Bleaching, 7c.

## ONE OF OUR PROUD DAYS.

We call tomorrow's bargain hours proud ones. So will you. You will be proud of the values you get. THE FAIR is known for fine goods at low prices. There is no such thing as a fancy price in THE FAIR. We are eager for your good opinion always. That's the reason we have exactly what we advertise. Did you ever stop to think why most merchants mark their goods so you can't read the price? We know why. Such merchants who hide the price tickets on their goods charge a half dozen prices. Such merchants charge you one price and your neighbor a lower price. We are not faultless—but one thing we are, and that is reliable on one honest price and on open, straightforward, plain American figures. A child buys as safely as a man at THE FAIR. Every article from medium grade to the finest grade is ticketed with the right price.

### SPECIALS: SPECIALS:

5,000 yards hand-made Torchon Lace in good widths at 50c yard.  
1 case of regular 12½ white Apron Checks at 6c yard. Be early for this lot.  
1 case of French Ginghams, regularly sold at 18c yard, will be sold at 10c yard tomorrow. The designs are choice.  
2,500 yards of the new Ecu Point de Ireland Lace, good widths, 19c yard.  
New wide-wale Cheviots in all-wool Dress Goods, 40 inches at 48c.  
Choice of any \$1 Dress Goods in our store at 75c yard.  
Lace Curtains, 2½ yards long, tape edge at 50c pair.  
A few ladies' Skirts, quilted bottom at 25c each. Be early.  
New ladies' muslin Underwear bargains: Lot 1.—Ladies' Chemise, Drawers and Corset Covers at 25c each. Lot 2.—Ladies' Embroidered Corset Covers, Drawers, Gowns and Chemise at 48c each. No such bargains in muslin Underwear ever offered before.  
New figured China Silks, 39c.  
New Surahs, all shades at 39c, the 50c grade.  
New glass Rose Bowls at 23c. Flower Pots at 3c up. Fine Haviland China Cups and Saucers at \$2.48 set. Fine French China Cups and Saucers at \$1 a set. New Blazers in tan, blue and black at \$1.48 each.

### OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

now occupies the entire south room. THE FAIR will show the finest imported Hats, Laces, Flowers, Straw Trimming, Jeweled Crowns, Jet Bands, all the leading fads and artistic creations in Millinery this season. No expense has been spared in remodeling the millinery room. Our MISS LISA MÜLLER is now home from New York, and she will be glad to have a talk with you concerning your season's millinery. We shall show designs and material confined to us alone. Prices always far below the usual. We ask you to look through our millinery stock. THE FAIR will be delighted to receive you, whether you wish to buy or not. Our Millinery opening will be announced soon.

### THE FAIR, 74-76-78 WHITEHALL ST.

### CHAMBERLIN, JOHNSON & CO.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Furniture, Shoes!

### ELEGANCE PERSONIFIED

Is the critics' version of our new Spring Goods and prices were never so low. We are simply surprised, ourselves, at the exceedingly low prices of No. 1 first-class weaves in the very latest styles. We believe

### We Have the Best Bought Stock,

the lowest priced, the latest styles, the most beautiful fabrics, the most elegant trimmings in the country, and our prices will please.

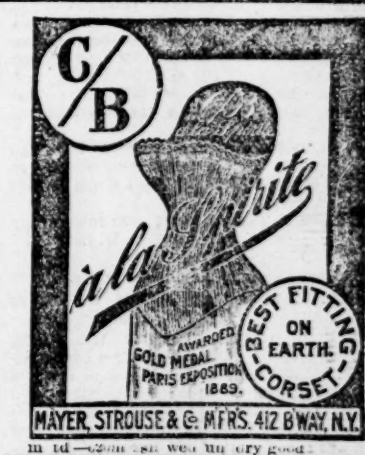
### COME THIS WEEK AND SEE THE BEAUTIES

In our Cloak department, we are showing some nice Blazer Suits; skirt to match Blazer in black and colors. They are new, sensible and inexpensive. Also a nice line in Reefers, children's, misses' and ladies'. The prices will please you. Just opened our Spring and Summer stock, in ladies' Umbrellas; full and complete line; all prices. Something new in colored silk Parasols, with fancy sticks.

### LADIES' AND MISSES' SHIRT WAISTS

in silk; all shades, wools, percales, etc. Our stock is full and complete in every department, and prices in reach of all buyers. Come this week and examine our goods; buy when you are suited, not before. Ladies at a distance, writing for samples, please state price you wish to pay and color desired. Every day we receive letters asking for samples of Dress Goods. We take hold of them with fear and trembling, knowing that we can't send all. We do the best we can, which is next to nothing.

### CHAMBERLIN, JOHNSON & CO.



ESTABLISHED 1868  
**SHORTHAND**  
—AND—  
**Business College!**

57 S. Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
The leading Commercial College of the South.  
SHORTHAND, BOOKKEEPING, TELEGRAPHY,  
DRAWING, Commercial Law, Grammar, Mathe-  
matics, Spelling, Typewriting, and all Commercial  
Branches, taught practically. No old-time  
methods. Our graduates are in demand at salaries  
from \$50 to \$1,000 a year; forty-seven placed  
within 60 days.  
6 PRINCIPALS BESIDES ASSISTANTS  
200 Graduates in Positions in This City 23.  
Our students are members of the Y. M. C. A.  
without cost. Large catalogue sent free. Tele-  
phone 536.

**Crichton's**  
**SCHOOL**  
49 Whitehall Street, Atlanta.

Shorthand and Typewriting Exclusively.  
We believe that our method of teaching Short-  
hand is the simplest ever devised. Let us send  
our large, elegantly illustrated catalogue telling  
how an exclusive Shorthand School is conducted.  
Lessons by mail a specialty.

**CRICHTON'S SCHOOL**  
**GOLDSMITH & SULLIVAN'S**  
*Business College*  
—ATLANTA, GA.

MISS MARY RYAN has re-  
turned from New York,  
and is prepared to show  
the latest novelties in  
Millinery at No. 45 White-  
hall.



## THE COST OF COTTON.

Mr. Inman Challenges Commissioner Nesbitt's Statement

ABOUT COTTON MADE AT 3 1-2 CENTS.

A Big Question That Interests the Farmers and the Cotton Trade—Colonel Nesbitt's Rejoinder.

An important question has been sprung in a statement made by the commissioner of agriculture, in an interview which appeared in Friday's Constitution.

It was, in brief, the cotton may be raised at a cost of 3 cents a pound. As authorities for the statement, Commissioner Nesbitt gave Colonel R. T. Nesbitt, director of the Georgia Experiment Station, and Colonel Felix Corput, of Floyd county, one of the most active and successful farmers in the state, as well as a business man of large experience.

The cotton trade takes issue with the statement, and Mr. S. M. Inman asks that the details of the transaction be given.

The statement was first made by Colonel Redding, in an interview published in The Constitution six months ago. He gave then the result of a cotton experiment, which has since been described in the official experiment station bulletin for February. The position was that the cost of cotton growing was chiefly labor, and the expense per pound decreased rapidly as the yield increased. This was substantially the position of Colonel Corput, and Commissioner Nesbitt, who has been preaching intensive farming, was quick to seize upon the statement, which, if true, must have a powerful effect in converting farmers to the plan of confining the cotton crop to a few acres and making it pay better than a crop spread over a wide area. If it actually pays better to cultivate ten acres than twenty with given resources, the farmers who are already sorely perplexed by the labor problem will be led to change the system for one requiring less help and bringing better returns. This was the idea uppermost in Commissioner Nesbitt's mind.

The cotton trade takes an entirely different view of the matter. They say that the statements that cotton may be raised for 3 cents a pound is not borne out by the facts, and they further assert that this statement from the official head of the department of agriculture will have a disastrous effect upon the cotton market, for the official statements of this kind command respect and credence the world over.

Mr. S. M. Inman was so much impressed with the importance of this aspect of the question, that he thought it advisable to challenge the statement in order that a discussion may be started which will bring out all the facts. Accordingly he addressed the following letter to Commissioner Nesbitt:

Mr. Inman's Letter.

Atlanta, Ga., March 18.—Mr. R. T. Nesbitt, Commissioner of Agriculture, Atlanta, Ga. Dear Sir:

In this morning's Constitution I see this statement from you:

"A recent experiment at the Georgia station shows that while land has been properly treated a yield of one bale to the acre can be made at a cost of 3 1/2 cents per pound. Colonel Corput, of Floyd, a careful accountant, showed me his estimates also, and he made a profit of 20 cents per pound where the yield was a bale per acre."

"Another experiment of which I have the details, was made on land which seemed entirely exhausted. Potatoes and paying crops of peas, clover and grass were planted, which brought the land to a condition where high fertilization was both feasible and profitable, and, in 1890, the crop averaged one and a half bales to the acre, at a cost of a fraction over 3 cents per pound. It was marketed at 8 1/2 cents, thus giving a clear profit of 5 1/2 cents per pound to the producer."

Compared with this from the official head of the department of agriculture one of the largest cotton producing states in the world, the statement carries a weight and responsibility that is of vast importance. This statement will probably be telegraphed to every important cotton market in Europe and America and used in the cotton circulars and reports. It will be a bear argument for still further lowering the price, and be quoted as authority for years to come.

I consider you as a friend and honor you as an efficient state official, but it does not seem to me that in this calculation some of the items of cost must have been left out, and I am sure that you give me the figures by which it can be done so that they can be verified by the experience of others."

I may finally be convinced that even under the most favorable circumstances cotton can be raised at 3 cents a pound, but I would be glad to see the figures first."

With sentiments of esteem, I am, respectfully yours,

S. M. INMAN.

Commissioner Nesbitt's Reply.

To this Commissioner Nesbitt replied as follows:

"Farm Hill," Ga., March 18.—Mr. S. M. Inman, Atlanta.—My Dear Sir: Your communication of the 18th instant was handed to me just as I was leaving for the train, and though I could not reply then, I hasten to do so at the earliest practicable moment. If the interview published in today's Constitution caused a general discussion of this question, some good may result, inasmuch as the knotty problems which confront us may be solved and the cotton plan discussed. That it has brought such men as yourself to the front I am rejoiced to know, and though we seem to occupy opposite standpoints, a friendly discussion can do no harm and may cause a more general awakening."

First, though, I wish to correct what appears to be a misapprehension on your part as to my exact meaning. I thought I had been explicit in stating that the cost of cotton growing on prepared land by other crops than cotton can be produced at the low figure of three and a half cents. Every farmer in Georgia begins today the cost of cotton production could not be materially lessened under three or four years, so that my statement can have no material effect on the present or the coming crop. Letters of appeal from different sections of the state, as well as personal interviews with farmers, impelled me to utter again the warning which I trust that, even at this late day, the farmers will heed. I am only anxious, and feel it my duty, to protect their interests as far as possible. Many of them are themselves directly after the war to be deluded by the all-cotton policy, and today hundreds of them are in the hands of unscrupulous farmers, and debt hanging like a millstone around their necks. The manufacturers of the east have grown rich from their mistakes, and now, by the power of capital, control the legislation of our country, and would reduce us to further bondage. If our farmers will look this matter squarely in the face, they will see that it is to our highest interest to diversify our crops, gradually restore our wasted heritage, and state the independent position we once occupied. If something is not done to build up our waste places and make our farms self-sustaining, it is idle to invite investment from outsiders. No state agricultural country has ever grown rich, and therefore we need diversified industries of every kind; but they will not prosper as long as agriculture, the foundation stone of our country, is neglected."

In regard to the figures and estimates as to reducing the cost of cotton production, I send you, within the March number of The Southern Cultivator, containing a full statement of Mr. Corput's receipts and expenditures. I also send bulletin No. 10 from the experiment station, containing careful estimates on both points. In considering, however, the improved condition of the farm as compared with the figures in the interview, I have not by me. I sent them to The Southern Cultivator, and they will appear in the April number. I understand that Mr. T. T. Trout, of Trout county, states that his cotton never cost him over 4 cents. I have written very hurriedly. Thanking you for your kind consideration and great courtesy, I am, with high regards, yours truly, R. T. NESBITT.

I should have stated in the above that when

farming the policy which will enable them to produce cotton more cheaply, they place themselves in a position to be, in a measure, independent of "bear" arguments and manipulations. Also, they cut out of competition foreign countries, and confine the production of cotton to the legitimate "cotton belt."

R. T. NESBITT.

Bulletin number 10, of the state experiment station at Griffin, contains this paragraph on page 155:

"It would not be a difficult matter to confine all the expenses of making the crop on the land covered by experiment No. 22. The items have all been given in the account of the preparation and culture, and every farmer can fix the cost of each item according to his own judgment and experience. Mr. Kimbrough, the agriculturist, estimates the aggregate cost of plowing, harrowing, hoeing, picking and fertilizing—nothing being allowed for interest on the land or superintendence—at an amount which would make the cost of the cotton 3 1/2 cents per pound of lint."

The cultivator article referred to is a statement of farm operations by Colonel Corput.

The first part, which relates to cotton, is here given:

Colonel Corput's Experience.

Believing that an accurate statement of the operation of a small farm would be interesting to your readers, I submit the following itemized exhibit of the work done by hired help on my eighty-acre farm. Every dollar expended or received is charged or credited where it belongs. It is an unvarnished statement of facts. But for the rain, I could have made at least ten bales of cotton more. Believing that the cotton operations would be of interest to your readers, I make a separate exhibit for that crop. The thirty bales of cotton reported averaged 45 pounds when ginned. I received average 50 pounds so as to be positively inside of weight at present time."

My estimates as to cost for plowing, etc., are full, but my help being hired by the year, I have had to be made for rainy weather, so that no overcharge should appear against the yearward. Cost of culture and proceeds from twenty-eight acres in cotton:

Turning land, 1 man and 3 horses, 23 days, at \$2 per day..... 46 00

Harrowing with disc, 1 man, 3 horses 4 days at \$2.50 per day..... 10 00

Laying out, 1 man, 1 horse, 4 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 5 00

Distributing fertilizer, 1 man, 1 horse, 5 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 6 25

Laying out, 1 man, 1 horse, 4 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 5 00

Bedding with one-horse team, 1 man, 1 horse 9 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 11 25

Running out middles, 1 man, 1 horse, 4 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 5 00

Planting..... 12 00

Harrowing down bed, 1 man, 1 horse, 2 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 2 50

Distributing fertilizer, 1 man, 1 horse, 5 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 6 25

Planting and covering, 1 man, 1 horse, 5 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 6 25

20 bushels Cotton seed 40 cents per bushel..... 8 00

5 bushels Trinit vitreous cotton seed at \$1.00 per bushel..... 5 00

2 1/2 tons acid phosphate at \$15.75 per ton..... 39 38

100 pounds of cotton seed at \$1.00 per hundred..... 10 00

Mixing above..... 17 75

Hand assisted fertilizer and planter, 5 days, at 75 cents per day, 3 75..... 11 13

Cultivation.

Harrowing cotton in sprout, 1 man, 1 horse, 4 days, at \$1.25 per day..... 5 00

50 swings, 1 man, 1 horse, 1 day, at \$1.25 per day..... 1 25

Chopping to a stand, 21 days hoeing, 40 swings per day..... 10 50

Chopping through cotton 4 weeks later 9 days, at 75 cents per day..... 6 75

Gathering, hauling and ginning.

Picking 40,000 pounds of cotton at 20 cents per hundred..... 80 00

Hauling 30 bales of cotton to the gin..... 18 00

20 yards of binding twine..... 18 00

50 pounds of cotton seed at \$1.00 per hundred..... 5 00

Toll for ginning, 1-20th..... 50 10-2328 33

Total cost of production..... \$638 36

Contra.

30 bales of cotton, average weight 400 pounds, 13,800 pounds at 7 1/2 cents per pound..... \$1,000 00

Residual, 400 pounds of seed cotton at 2 cents per pound..... 8 00

100 pounds of cotton seed at \$1.00 per hundred..... 10 00

Total income from 28 acres..... \$1,188 00

Total net profit from 28 acres..... \$549 64

The foregoing shows that each acre cost:

For the preparation of the land about..... \$ 4 30

For cultivation and hoeing..... 4 00

For gathering, ginning..... 2 75

Total..... 11 05

The entire cost of crop per acre..... \$22 82

The gross earnings of each acre..... \$42 35

The net profit from each acre..... \$19 53

The cotton crop remains unsold, and the larger portion of the seed cotton is waiting wheat, but would bring the above, if placed on the market at the present time. Much of this cotton could have been sold for 8 cents if ginned and marketed as gathered. I have owned this land for seven years. The year I bought it was planted with cotton, and since then I have planted with two horses, at a cost of about five dollars per acre. In the following, or second spring, I planted 100 pounds of seed cotton, and sowed something over twenty-seven and one-half bushels of corn to the acre, and saved about one hundred and fifty bushels of peas. That fall and following spring seeded it to wheat and oats, and sowed it in corn. No other crops were raised, but from then until turned last fall, has averaged a yearly cutting of two tons of clover hay per acre. The field is now in wheat, and will be brought back to clover the coming spring. In the last seven years I have used about five loads of barnyard manure to the acre."

This is a matter of so great importance that The Constitution will invite a discussion of it by leading farmers of the cotton region. It has a bearing upon three matters of vital importance, to-wit:

Intensive farming.

The labor problem.

A question suggested is this: If intensive farming prevails because of its economy and profit, will not the reduced acreage of cotton reduce the crop?

Or will the yield increase more than the acreage decreases?

WHO WILL GET IT?

A Great Big Firm Which is Interesting Railroad Men.

Here's a plan that some good railroad men who know how to entice the traveling public to ride on his line should knock.

Not a few are trying to knock the handsome prize, however.

It is the general passenger agent's place of the Georgia, Carolina and Northern.

There are but few better places in the kind south, and the man who gets it will be in the finest kind of luck.

A brand new line, going through a fine and productive section of country, touching live, progressive towns—the position mentioned on this line is a goodly prize, and it is rare that the average railroad man has such a thing to come his way.

The position has got to be filled in the next few days.

The putting of the road through to Atlanta, the establishing of through connections, the entrance, so to speak, into the railway world of this promising debutante, renders such an appointment of great importance.

On April 1st the general office of this road will be opened in Atlanta, and it is believed will be appointed to this time a general passenger agent.

It is understood that the officials in whose hands the appointment lies have been on the lookout through the list of the passenger men of the country to find him.

No one will be, of course unknown, but it is thought that the man who has been in the ranks of Atlanta's passenger hustlers, than whom there are no better in the country, is the one who should be given the position.

The position is made very important on account of the fact that the Georgia, Carolina and Northern road will hold in the world of passenger traffic.

Now, who will be? Is the question of vital interest.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Receiver's Sale of 7 Mules, 2 Horses, All the Wagons, Drays, Harness, Office Furniture, Etc.

I offer at private sale 7 fine, fat, splendid mules, 2 horses, all the wagons, harness, office furniture, etc., of the firm of Austin &amp; Boynton.

I am ready to show his property at any time. Bargain in store for some one.

A. J. West, receiver for Austin &amp; Boynton.

March 21st march.

## A SOUTHERN LEADER.

In "The Life and Times of Yancey," a large and handsome and profusely illustrated volume, from the press of Roberts &amp; Son, of Birmingham, Ala., the author, Colonel John W. DuBoise, gives the public one of the most valuable and interesting biographies of this generation yet.

Colonel DuBoise was the contemporary and friend of William L. G. Yancey, and he has made this book a labor of love.

Yet there is no strained laudation, no evident hero worship in this biography. The writer gathered his facts from the best sources, and with painstaking care, and now leaves the world to make up its verdict.

A writer in The Farmington Age-Herald says of the book:

To Mr. DuBoise, Yancey is the representative, the very embodiment of one side of a great social, ethical, economic, political question, which is older than the government of this country, for a time, was trampled under foot by brute force of strong battalions, but which, high crushed to earth, has arisen again, and will continue paramount as long as Anglo-Saxon liberty remains to those who will utilize the world. Every one knows what this great question is. The William L. G. Yancey of Mr. DuBoise is the south personified. The purposes of this book are to furnish facts that set the fathers and brothers to battle and die on either battlefield, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, for a holy cause; and also to supply argument and answer to those who are seeking to destroy the rights of the states and the people thereof. It is a book that Mr. DuBoise has, with great pains, carefully studied and untiring industry thoroughly prepared himself, and now he enters the list like a knight of olden times, with his lance down, his spear at rest, not a feather quivering in his plume, and "L'outrance" on his person. That he will hold his own against all comers, those who know him do not for a moment doubt.

In reading "The Life of Yancey," the first thing that strikes one is the language. It is terse, vigorous, pointed English, of the Anglo-American school, of the Norman-French character. The author believes every word he writes, and does not intend to mislead his readers or let them deceive themselves.

The book is certainly a child of the south. It does not contain a single phrase, and I doubt if all the culture of New England could have produced a single page. Mr. DuBoise is a disciple of Calhoun, and familiarity with the speech and writings of that great man has undoubtedly had its influence upon him. But Mr. Calhoun was educated at Yale and his style cannot be called distinctly southern.

The erudite genius, Henry A. Wise, spoke eloquently and with great force of the interesting book, but his style was no more southern than "The Johnstones" of the author of "Hassles." Wise was English. Hugh S. Legare wrote classical, not southern English, and the recent classic work of fiction and war is in very good English. Mr. DuBoise writes our language like McDuffie spoke it, and I heard William C. Preston once say, "George McDuffie spoke English as no man had since Lord Byron died in 1814. It was this southern speech. Perhaps no one can tell exactly, but he who has heard McDuffie and Yancey knows, and he who reads Mr. DuBoise's 'Life of Yancey' will have a pretty clear idea of it."

This criticism does not overlook the mark, and in general terms very fairly describes the plan and the work of Yancey's biographer.

William Lowndes Yancey was born in Warren county, Georgia, in 1814. He was the brother of the late Benjamin C. Yancey. He enjoyed the best educational advantages south and north and after a brief residence in South Carolina, settled in Alabama, where he soon became famous as a journalist and as a lawyer.

At that time the plantation society of Alabama was composed of many of the best people of Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. They were people of culture and wealth, and no man could be a leader among them unless he was pre-eminently worthy.

Mr. Yancey was soon drawn into politics, and carried two terms in the legislature and two terms in congress, where he displayed conspicuous ability. From the beginning of his public career he was a strong states' rights democrat, and when he resigned his seat in congress his letter to his constituents sounded the keynote of the secession movement, which finally resulted in secession.

It is clearly shown by the biographer that the south marched into secession maintaining the fundamental principles of the federation of sovereign states established by Mr. Jefferson in the ordinance of 1789, and that Yancey was the ablest exponent of that idea.

After retiring from congress, Mr. Yancey began his career as the leader of the south. Holding no official station, his brilliant genius and eloquence were so generally admired that he was invited to deliver hundreds of addresses in all parts of the south, and also in the north.

For the chapter on Yancey and Hilliard we have two attractive pen pictures. The author says:

Hilliard studied the construction of sentences and the manner of delivery. His diction was elegant and his utterance was fluent. His tall figure, ever graceful, handsome features, brilliant eyes, distinguished appearance, indeed, and well trained voice assisted his words, as may be imagined, to group his facts, and to wound the prejudices of his hearers, seldom employed the great power of sarcasm he was known to possess, and told of the defeat of his party as if it were a triumph. The democratic charged against him that, while he advanced with the point of his lance concealed under a garland of roses, he often succeeded in unsetting the convictions of the unwary by the argument the flowers concealed. He had a richer fancy than Yancey, employed more art, and was more adroit. He had the self-dignity and the studied consciousness of power. He was courteous, animated and brilliant. Hilliard's friends likened Yancey to the leveling rush of the storm; Yancey's words were facts, and his utterance was of nature when the rainbow spans the sky.

Those now living who best remember Yancey's oratory compare it to the oratory of no one else. They remember that his speech complex things were made smooth and the warm blood ebullient, while even tamer natures were transported, but they do not admit that the rules of the school of oratory were his. He was a natural speaker. His oratory was his own—straightforward common sense, impassioned. He was earnest rather than ingenious. He had passion and employed it. He was not a student of the art, but a student of his own mind, and he had exhausted his ability to discuss the subject. He never spoke without interest, and he spoke with voice or manner; there was no suggestion of a lost link in his discourse and never a sign of rudeness in the effort. Then, when he was tired, he would stop and throw his marvelous tones followed the widening circle without any apparent physical labor; passing over the gamut of his own emotions with unerring certainty. The most perfect voice that ever aroused friends to the wildness of enthusiasm, or curbed to silence the tumult of foes."

The volume is divided into twenty-seven chapters, each chapter treating some conspicuous era. Thus we have a clear account of the rise of the southern idea or principle which culminated in secession; the plantation regime and the northern factory system; the progress of the abolition movement, the nullification era, and the long series of offensive and defensive political movements on the part of the two sections.

The leaders of parties and sections are judiciously described, and both men and

measures are fairly and comprehensively reported.

Yancey's duel with Clingman and the personal matters with Dr. Earle, President Davis and Senator F. Pickens, are all touched upon dispassionately.

A notable feature in the book is the its proper mission in this country. Yancey's proper mission in this country. Yancey's diplomatic mission to England, and many other little understood points of Confederate history are here set forth for the first time.

The younger readers of this really great biography will find themselves following the career of Yancey with breathless interest. They will see before them a wise statesman and a fearless leader who will realize their highest ideal. They will be convinced of the justice of the southern cause, and they will admire the matchless wisdom of the southern leaders. No one can read the description of Yancey's historic tour through the south and north in 1860, when he spoke in Faneuil hall and faced the angry south leaders in New York and Cincinnati, winning their respect and applause, without coming to the conclusion, that this peer in oratory of Webster, Clay and Prentiss, was also the peer in intellectual resources of our greatest leaders, from Jefferson down to the present day.

"The Life and Times of Yancey" was a much-needed book, and it will stimulate the rising generation of southerners like a bugle blast. It is a political history, as well as a biography, and its careful perusal will give the reader a better idea of our system of government, the rights of the states and the issues, past and present, dividing the sections, than any dozen volumes now in print.

Colonel DuBoise has made an admirable biographer. He was born in the brilliant intellectual circle that has made the Pee Dee, S. C., plantation society famous, and his abilities, tastes and opportunities have made him the one man of all others to write the life of the strongest, most brilliant and most influential leader of the old south.

WALLACE P. REED.

UNDER THE WALLS OF KARNAK.

From The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Under the walls of Karnak, stamped the great gray walls of Karnak, stamped with strange symbols, carved with kings' signs, set in cartouches, glowing with the gleam of vivid stain, and wild with the tangled braid of bas-reliefs.

Out beyond the soft, purple shadows of the great propylon the golden morning shimmered sleepily along the stretch of the white land. Tall palms swayed lazily over the walls. Feathery acacias whispered as they sprinkled light traces of sun and shade upon the basins of porphyry and mellow jade in which the rosy lotus swam.

Through the ambient air insistent vapors crept, of incense and summer bloom. The blue dome leaped aloft like a glad thing of life, and bent to earth again as a tender mother to her child.

Strong in the flush of young manhood, love and pride, I stood with Isneou at the base of the monolith of Ptah. By my side she clung, and warmed me with the sway of her rounded youthfulness. Her dark hair crowned her brow like night the day. Her face was sweeter than the songs of Pentaur. And through the thin, translucent haze of clinging linen that swathed her lithe form, she gathered subtle charms. The tinkling of the silver chrysids fell dull upon my ear, for her voice was like spring waters laughing ever shyly beneath. The rush of the straining throne passed like a dream, for I was deep in the slumberous fire of her great dark eyes. More to me than kings and pageants, yes, than gold and gods, was Isneou, my betrothed, the fairest of the fair.

On swept the grand cavalcade, the chanting cohorts of the king, in tawny skins and clanking mail, the white-robed sums of Ptah, and the bare-limbed acolytes of the temple, lions howling in the leath, tigers snarling at the sharp snuff of the hunting hounds, the heavy rattle of the rolling chariots, and the grinding of the cars of the sacred bull, the triumphant songs of the harpers, the flash of polished horus in the great light, the clash of brazen bars, the fanfare of snorting trumpets, and the swirl of palm branches.

So came the king for whom the people watched.

Down fell the multitude upon their knees, but we, so hemmed against the granite wall, could hardly even bend the head.

From under the grim solidity of the royal brow, fierce with the aspid diadem of kings, heavy with the triple pendent of the land of Nile, a sudden, sullen gleam shot from his hot, dark eyes, across the moid of bowing heads like the red lightning lowering on the Libyan hills, and rested upon the face of Isneou, my betrothed. I saw his odd hand clenched, while a dead numbness fell within my heart. Then like the hoarse roll of thunder his voice raked the hush:

"Thou maid is mine. I, Pharaoh, have spoken!"

I reeled against the great column of basalt, and my heart stopped. Was that my Isneou who cried aloud in anguish? Were those her arms around the neck that I had never to feel their loving clutch again? Were these the tremors of her fear that were filling my heart with dumb frenzy? In that one dread moment, with the last kisses of a lost love upon my palsied lips, I died a thousand deaths.

The fell words of Pharaoh, my betrothed, clutched the flower of my life. The air turned red as blood. The very pillars reeled overhead.

Then from the cowering vortex of the throng that grinned ghoulishly back at me, I saw her lifted to the side of him, the Lord of diadems, the Favorite of the Gods. I saw her olive cheek pale beneath the sensuous caress of his hand. I saw her shudder as his circled arm pressed close about her bare young bosom, and his fingers toyed with the disarrangement of her hair. Then she raised her face, and her eyes caught mine as through a crimson haze. She lifted her arms from the hand of the spoiler and cried:

"Yet I am thine, only thine! Men steal the bodies of women, but they cannot stain the soul. Farewell, my Phoebe, farewell! In the arms of Osiris, eternity of kings, I will come back to thee again!"

And in the shades of death beyond the border of the fire of reason and unreason, I dashed into the thick of the press with a scream like a wounded tiger. Clutching a huge stone from the boulder wall, I hurled it on like the black slingers of Thebes. Full on the jeweled breast of Pharaoh the hurtling missile struck. Backward I saw him stagger over his driver. Away plunged the unrelenting stallions!

One instant I saw Isneou, my Isneou, rise and smile him as he lay, fair in the face, with the lash from the hands of the fallen charioteer.

Then came a deadly blow, a blinding

## HAVERTY'S FURNITURE BARGAINS FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.



prices that will astonish you. Folding Beds, from \$15 to \$100. 200 baby carriages, from \$6 to \$50. Pictures and easels at cost. Sideboards from \$12 to \$50. Bed racks, \$7 to \$50. Wardrobes, \$12 to \$75. Extension tables, \$3 to \$30. Large line of bookcases, ladies' secretaries, whatnots, commodore, etc., at prices to suit the times. Come and examine my goods, and get my prices before buying elsewhere. I will save you money. All goods guaranteed as represented. Come early and secure a bargain.

**M. HAVERTY,**  
THE CHEAPEST FURNITURE MAN SOUTH,  
77 WHITEHALL AND 64 S. BROAD STS., ATLANTA, GA.

## P. H. SNOOK &amp; SON

Will offer bargains in fine Parlor Suits, Turkish Lounges, Rockers and Fancy Chairs for the next few days. 100 very beautifully tinted, elegantly upholstered pieces. Divans, Sofas, Chairs, Rockers and full suits just placed on our floor.

## SEE THESE LOVELY GOODS

Two hundred Grand Rapids Chamber Suits, glass-door Wardrobes, Hat Racks, Desks, Book Cases, Fancy Cabinets, and fine

## White and Gold Fancy Furniture.

See these beautiful pieces before placing your order. Our floors are crowded, and room must be made. 300 Oak Suits, complete, very cheap. The largest assortment of solid Oak Chairs and Tables shown in the city.

Don't buy an article of Furniture before seeing our assortment. 500 Spring Beds and Mattresses very cheap. 25 roll-top, flat-top and standing Desks.

## AT A BARGAIN.

We announce with pleasure that we have secured the Wholesale Agency of the exquisite Bottled Beer, "LOUISIANA," brewed from the choicest malt and hops by the New Orleans Brewing Association.







## FOX-TAIL TORCHES.

A Story of Early Days in Wisconsin.

THE NEW PREACHER FROM MAINE.

The Incidents of a Frontiersman's Life, Replete with Startling Developments.

One day on the piazza of a Wisconsin summer hotel an old gentleman said to me as we sat gazing out upon the waters of Lake Oneida, sparkling in the bright afternoon sunlight: "If you like I will tell you a story whose events took place on this very lake."

After a little preliminary talk he told the tale. I reproduce it here as nearly as I can remember it in his own words.

My father was a clergyman in a backwoods district of Maine. His parishioners were so few and his salary so small he was forced to hunt and trap five days in the week, writing his sermon on Saturday. When the emigration to Wisconsin began many of our neighbors decided to go, and our family went with them. The Maine people found in this part of the state a region of lakes and forests much resembling the region they had come from. My father brought his family here to Lake Oneida, and in the grove on yonder point, just where that gay summer cottage stands, he built a log cabin of three rooms and a shed.

His parish was now larger than ever, and his parishioners much fewer; but if he had had to go to deliver his sermons again, and forbearing animals were much more plentiful in the Wisconsin woods than in the woods of Maine.

Our nearest neighbor was three miles distant. The nearest village was ten miles



THE CIRCLE OF FIRE.

away, at the mouth of the little branch that empties into the head of the lake.

In the second year cold weather came early in November, but no snow. The lake was frozen several feet thick. My little brothers and I enjoyed many a fine skate on it. Father also, skated along the shore every morning to reach some of the traps that were set near the lake. It was a harvest time for him. The cabin loft and shed were packed full of valuable pelts.

One day my father made preparations for a trip to the village at the head of the lake to purchase provisions. We watched him set off. His skates rang as he sped over the ice, drawing behind him a sled loaded high with the furs which he expected to exchange for supplies at the settlement. Over his shoulder hung his rifle, for there were wolves in the region then. They were not dangerous in summer, but in the winter they hunted in packs and would not hesitate to attack a man.

The third child of the family, Freddie, had been feverish and was really alarmed among the things which father was to get at the settlement, the most important of all was some medicine for him.

The day seemed very long to us, for we woods-children regarded this trip to the settlement as a great event; we looked forward eagerly to the delight of "pawing over" the sugar and spices, or other wonderful things that would be on the sled in place of the furs. We even hoped, though we did not dare to breathe our hopes to mother, that there might be a few toys on the sled.

Evening fell and the cold nipped so bitterly that we ceased our little excursions to the lake to see if we could hear father coming. As the darkness thickened I could see mother grew uneasy, but still, as father was frequently detained by some parish matter, she was really alarmed. The children were sent off to bed, all except myself. I, as the eldest, was chosen to sit at Fred's bedside with mother.

His fever had increased, and he moaned in a troubled sleep. We moaned and sighed frequently, and as I was fully able to do that, I told mother to take a nap and I would stay long by Fred's side, down on the settle before the fire and soon the sound of his breathing, regular as the ticking of the clock, told me she was asleep. I was tired myself, but tried hard to keep awake. How long I sat there I do not know. I slept, I can not tell. I opened my eyes with a snap. I had dreamed that some one without had called me.

I listened, and above the sighing of the north wind that had arisen while I slept I heard the long-drawn howl of a wolf, and then another howl, and another, until a chorus of terrible wails and yells was borne by on the wind. The howls grew louder and I knew the pack was at the door. As the door opened I saw a pack of wolves, and I saw them stop in the woods and sniff the air. Then they redoubled their noise. In a moment more I heard a snuffing and scratching at the door, and although the howls still sounded so near, and I knew that one wolf, at least, was prowling near.

Mother awoke, but she was not frightened for our safety. The ride cabin doors were strong, and the windows were too small and high in the walls for a wolf to leap through. However, she did not condescend from her anxiety about father, told her he had probably remained at the settlement over night, and that even if he had not, no wolf could overtake him skating on the glacial ice.

Now and then a wolf detached himself from the main body in the grove and last there were several howling around the house and sniffing at the doors. The uproar awakened the sick boy. His fever had become greatly heightened, and he called for water. I went to the well to get him some and found it was empty. What should we do? Our water was brought from a spring down in the grove, the very place where the wolves seemed the thickest.

If there had been snow on the ground we might have opened the door and snatched a dipperful before the wolves could touch us. But there was no snow. We did not know what to do.

Father called for water continually. Mother became nearly frantic. So did I. We both believed that unless Fred had water he would die before morning. I went into the shed to get father's shotgun. I had a wild idea that if I might gradually kill all the wolves by firing out the window, I could find no shot larger than duck shot. I had a gun with me. All around the shed all sorts of valuable furs. There were skins of all sorts of animals, the most valuable were twelve fine fox skins with bushy tails. In one corner stood a barrel and I poured into it, although I knew it contained no water, the furs.

Mother called me in and bade me open

the Bible at random and read. In that way our family often sought comfort and counsel in times of trouble. The leaves, opened at the fifteenth chapter of Judges, at the story of Samson fastening firebrands to the tails of 300 hundred foxes and sending them through the grain fields of the Philistines.

I read, but the story seemed to give us no comfort, no suggestion. The wolves only howled louder, and the sick boy moaned more piteously. Mother and I were quite beside ourselves. We must get water in some way. I opened the door to look out, and a great wolf thrust his head into the room. Quickly I braced myself against the door, but the creature struggled vigorously, and would have forced his way in had not mother seized a burning brand from the fire place and thrown it into his face. The wolf leaped back and I barred the door.

Then I remembered that wild animals were afraid of fire. I believed that if I could only make some sort of large torches I could get the water in safety. But of what material could I make my torches? There were a few small logs lying by the fireplace, but fewwood, and while oak at that, would not make good torches. I must have something that would flare and blaze.

I went into the shed. There was nothing there except furs. I was turning to go out when my eyes fell upon the fox skins hanging above the barrel of fish and the story of Samson's foxes that I had just read darted into my head. Here were my torches! I would smere those fox tails with pitch and how they would blaze. Without any reluctance at all I cut off the twelve beautiful brushes. I hung a kettle of pitch over the fire, and as soon as it was soft gave the fox tails a thick coating. Then I brought out two long-handled fish spears and lapped their butt ends and then lashed them together. With pieces of the wire which father used for snares I fastened the fox tails to the iron speargrines. I thus had a large nole with torches at both ends, and by lighting all the torches at once and whirling the pole around I could walk surrounded by a circle of flame.

Mother insisted that I should light the torches and make a charge at the wolves to try the effect before starting to go to the spring. If the wolves ran, she was to follow with a pail and while I swung the torches she would carry the water.

I lighted the torches and stepped through the door. The wolves fled before me like frightened sheep. They stopped far off in the darkness where the light gradually faded into darkness, staring at the blaze with glistering eyes. I shook the torches at them and they scampered off so far in the darkness that I could scarcely see them. Mother stepped out with the pail and closed the door. With the roaring, flaring blaze whirling about us we hurried to the spring. We could see a crowd of wolves beneath a tree that overhung it, some of them sitting down like dogs, some leaping up as if trying to snap at something concealed in the branches. But they fled howling, and we approached with our glaring, whirling circle of flame.

Mother had dipped the pail in the spring when plump, a dark object dropped from the tree, frightening us so that the pail and torch fell from our hands. But a familiar voice spoke before we had time to fear. It was father. The pack of wolves had overtaken him just as he reached the spring, and he had swung up to the tree. There he sat, within a few hundred feet of the house, expecting to freeze to death if he stayed in the tree, and knowing that it was certain death to leave it. His rifle and the sled, its contents unharmed, were at the foot of the tree. Picking up our torch, in a few moments father was warming his chilled limbs before the fire, and Fred, after his drink of fresh water and his medicine, was sinking quietly to sleep. We heard the wolves all night, more or less, but we none of us minded that.

ALL EXCEPT THE UNITED STATES.

Every Other Civilized Nation Will Help Build a Monument to Bismarck. From the Chicago Times.

The Bismarck monument committee held a meeting in Berlin in the middle of February to arrange for the expenditure of the \$240,000 in their hands February 3d. It was decided to defer all action as regards the selection of a site and the offering of money prizes for artists' plans until after the decision as to the location in Berlin of the monument to Emperor William I. The report of the treasurer of the committee contained interesting information. Reigning princes of Germany contributed as follows: Prince Regent Louis of Bavaria, king of Saxony, King Karl of Wurtemberg, Prince Albert, regent of Brunswick, \$250 each; grand dukes of Mecklenburg and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, dukes of Altona, \$125 each; Gotha, Meiningen, and Anhalt, \$125 each; princes of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Waldeck, Reuss, \$100 each; Schaumburg-Lippe, and Hohenzollern, \$75 each. The senators of Hamburg, Bremen and Lübeck contributed respectively \$250, \$125 and \$75. The contributions of the various states were: Prussia, \$125,000; which Berlin gave \$42,500 and the Rhine provinces \$27,000; Bavaria, \$7,000; Saxony, \$18,500; Wurtemberg, \$5,500; Baden, \$7,500; Hesse, \$5,800; Hamburg, \$19,500. This last list, with the big sums from Prussia and Hamburg and its small sums from south German states, is a curious commentary on the German empire and keeping it together. Of foreign countries Great Britain was most generous, giving more than eight thousand. Russia is next with almost three thousand dollars. Contributions varying between \$100 and \$1,000 were received from all other European countries. The United States alone has not contributed a single cent.

"A Belle of St. Valerien."

From The New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When a writer seems to have committed himself to a certain literary vein, it is always with something of surprise that his readers realize he can do equally well in another line. Abandoning negro dialect for the Atlantic Monthly, Harris contributes to the Atlantic Monthly a Canadian sketch, "A Belle of St. Valerien," which is admirable in every respect. Very pleasant is the picture of the quiet life of a Canadian village, with its roots and steeples; we see the gentle priest going his rounds, and Aime Joutas, the shoemaker, stitching away in his sunny doorway, and hear the clear voice of Euphémie calling to the cows across the meadows: "Come thou! Come thou!" The Canadian types are well portrayed; but not more so than the most vulgar of Americans, Pettigrew, with his total lack of reverence and his thick-skinned self-confidence.

It is not theory but fact—that Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong. A fair trial will convince you of its merit.

215 E. Hunter, Corner Hill, at Auction Monday at 4 p. m., by Samuel W. Goods & Co.

## THE LITTLE SHEEP.

Whom All the Dear Children Caress and Love,

AND ITS BROTHER, THE GOAT.

Animal Drawing for Children—How to Draw the Nimble Line to Life.

In the sheep we have a subject of special interest. Since the days when Mary had a little lamb, the pretty creature has been the pet of thousands of pet-loving children. In the



Fig. 1.

country the lamb has been the rival of the kitten. Although the sheep has strong individuality in its form it is without the odd, striking peculiarities of the goat. The goat is made up of angles, the sheep of curves. Speaking of angles and curves reminds one to remark that it is not well to look



Fig. 2.

for geometric forms in any object to be drawn. To reduce to block work, like the grotesque creatures children construct of the squares and triangles of a dissected puzzle, study first the whole animal mass, then the large sections. Compare lengths with widths, and having learned the proportions put on paper the leading lines of the form. Also to represent solid rounded sections, not flat surfaces. In most country places sheep can easily



Fig. 3.

be found for models. They are among the most familiar domestic animals of the pasture and barnyard. But a familiar voice spoke before we had time to fear. It was father. The pack of wolves had overtaken him just as he reached the spring, and he had swung up to the tree. There he sat, within a few hundred feet of the house, expecting to freeze to death if he stayed in the tree, and knowing that it was certain death to leave it. His rifle and the sled, its contents unharmed, were at the foot of the tree. Picking up our torch, in a few moments father was warming his chilled limbs before the fire, and Fred, after his drink of fresh water and his medicine, was sinking quietly to sleep. We heard the wolves all night, more or less, but we none of us minded that.



Fig. 4.

covering of wool. This thick, soft covering practically hides the form of the bony framework of the sheep. The goat shows all his angles and curves—his whole framework is visible. In figure 1 we have the side view of the sheep, with the leading lines of construction—the lines indicating the position of the bony framework.



Fig. 5.

short and close as if it had been shaven. The legs below the knee-joint look as if they, too, had been shaven. This peculiarity gives the face a sharp outline and the legs a certain stiffness, in strong contrast to the soft, round, curvy, woolly body. Notice also the ruff-like setting which the edge of the longer wool makes for the face. This long wool on the head, growing down between the eyes and to the



Fig. 6.

ears, often looks like a cap or bonnet, especially as it also comes around the cheeks and down under the chin. Observe carefully the size of the head and ears. Note the height of the shoulders and the hips from the ground, compared with the length of the body. Note that the line of the back rises slightly over the hip section. The sheep is noticeably broad from side

to side, as shown in figure 2. Mark the form of the head in their back view, and how the upper line of the ears continues the outlines of the top of the head.

If we consider the form of the sheep as a whole, we find the animal shaped singularly like a wedge. From the pointed, thin face it increases steadily in size to the heavy hind quarters. (Figures 2, 3 and 4.) Figure 3 gives a three-quarter side view from the rear.

In figure 4 note how the leading sections

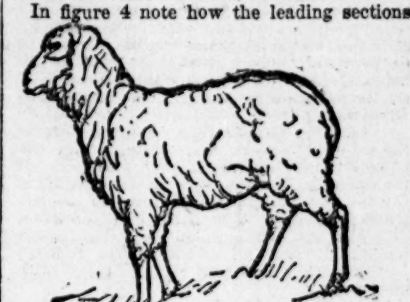


Fig. 10.

are indicated by the changing slants of the dotted line. See how in this position the general upper line of the body, neck and head slants down from the high hips. The sheep's tail is peculiar. It is short and carried close to the body, hardly affecting the outlines at all in the side view. It shows so little that the hind quarters, the largest section of the body, seem to end very abruptly.

In figure 5, which gives the back view in direct front view, note the marking of legs, hips and tail, and how the rib section projects beyond the hips. The head taken alone has strong marks of character. In the plan of the front view (figure 6) note the length of the whole head compared with its width at top and bottom. Note the high position and slant of the eyes, and that the greatest width is at that point.



Fig. 11.

See how the face tapers to the small nose and long upper lip. See how the woolly cap crowns the head, connecting the ears and curving down in the middle of the forehead. For the details of the front view, with the woolly setting of the neck, see figure 7. Figure 8 gives the plan of the sheep's head in side view. The heavy outline is broken into sections with each change of direction, that the different planes may be distinct. The long wool of the cap increases the height over the eyes and ears and emphasizes the drop from the forehead to the long face or nose line in the front dip at the end of the nose to the overlapping upper lip, the form of the lip, the small under lip, and

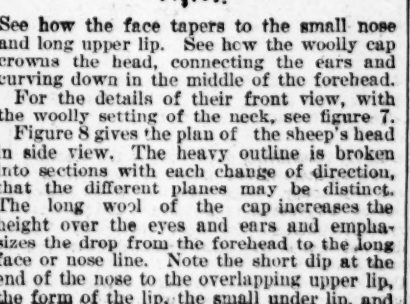


Fig. 12.

the line of the mouth. Observe the directions of the line indicating growth of long wool along the smooth cheek. This line varies somewhat in different individuals. The side view of the head, with full details, is shown in figure 9. The character of the outline of the sheep is flowing, rounded, and almost unbroken, taken as a whole. The great curves, however, are made up of smaller curves, as the wool falls into round wrinkles and creases. (Figure 10.)

The general expression of the sheep is peaceful, soft, that the lamb has become the sacred symbol of gentleness and innocence. Figures 11 and 12 show positions of the

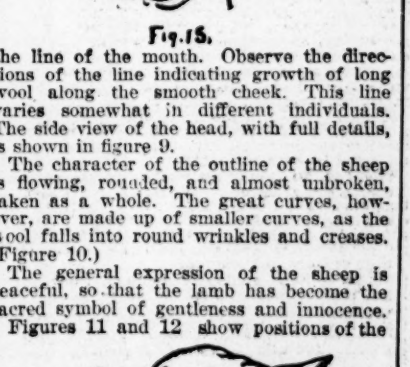


Fig. 13.

sheep in grazing. Figures 13 and 14 give positions when reclining. In figure 13 note the great width between the eyes and the suddenly contracting section of the nose and mouth. The long wool is drawn about the smooth face in about the same manner as in the sheep. The lines of the nose, beginning at the lower end,

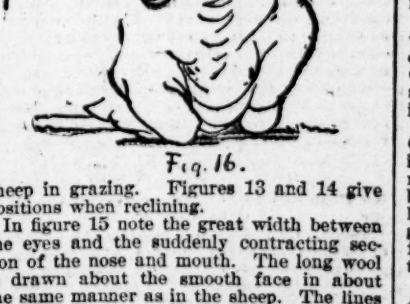


Fig. 14.

seem to widen out in the cheeks instead of defining the nasal section up to the eyes. The fullness at the side above the eye is noticeable. Throughout the body the frame, wherever indicated, is delicate and baby-like. The three-quarters reclining view (figure 16) shows the contraction of the nasal section at corner of mouth, the full cheek line, and the fullness above the eye between it and the ear. This view shows how the forelegs are bent when lying down.

As shown in figure 17, the legs of the lamb are more woolly than in the adult animal. This makes them seem rather large round. The tail is longer and more prominent than in the mature sheep. This figure gives a characteristic pose of the lamb.

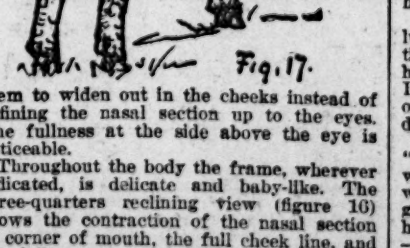


Fig. 17.

By a Washington Woman.

Who will believe there ever lived a full grown man who had never seen the sun rise?

Where the wonderful "new" now lies was the favorite trail of the "paper-horn" club of the capital. One morning they started out before daylight. At the close of the chase early breakfast was to be

## GREAT GENERALS.

By Colonel Theodore Dodge, United States Army.

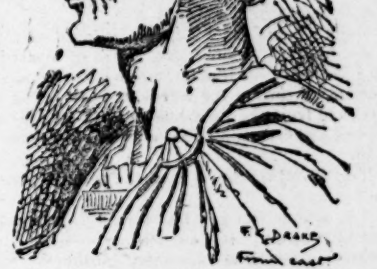
JULIUS CAESAR, THE ROMAN DUDE.

How a Swell of the Olden Times Developed into a Great Military Genius.

His Conquests.

Copyrighted by The Constitution.

Caius Julius Caesar was the most useful man of antiquity; doing equally good work as statesman and soldier. It is only fair to say that he was a study in himself. Caesar came of good stock. In youth he was one of the dandies of Rome, but commanded respect. Sulla remarked: "That



it would be well to have an eye to yonder dandy."

It is worth noting that the so-called "exquisites" have generally made good soldiers from the days of Alexander's "Companions" down to the time of Wellington, who wrote home from the peninsula for "another regiment of dandies."

Caius Julius had been a weakly lad, but gymnastics and a right regimen had given him a fair physique, his education had been attended to, and he early made a reputation as a lawyer and orator, held several public offices and became a leader of the young upstartdom of Rome.

Caesar did nothing, however, which would not be a middle-aged man. His foe, Pompey, was surnamed "The Great" at thirty-four. Caesar's distinguished work did not open until he was forty-two. His opportunity came when he was chosen consul with Gaul as his province. Both he and Pompey belonged to the triumvirate that governed the Roman state, showed an exceptional force of character but Pompey was the leader. Caesar saw that if he could subdue the Gauls—always the terror of Rome—he would be the great national hero. He saw, too, that while fighting the barbarians he would be creating an army of veterans with which he could rise to sole control.

His way of approaching the new business of war shows that Caesar considered first the "strategic situation," just as Alexander or Hannibal would have done.

In those days "strategy" was understood as a science. Tactics—the art of maneuvering troops on the battle-field—was well developed. Strategy has been called the art of moving troops on the map. It is the art of moving them in the field. Caesar's country in such a manner as to place the enemy at a disadvantage.

Caesar made a careful study of the nat-



Fig. 15.

ural features of Gaul—the mountains, rivers, forests, and coast lines. Then he formed a corps of Gauls very able men, but in eight years Caesar made the country a Roman province.

Shortly after Caesar and Pompey found themselves arrayed in arms against each other—the other member of the triumvirate, Crassus, had died. Pompey stood for the aristocratic party—Caesar for democratic ideas.

Pompey had vastly larger resources, but Caesar in ten months had driven him over to Greece and himself held all Italy. He marched into Spain and captured and disbanded Pompey's seven legions there. Then he went into Greece with his veterans and general scheme of conquest. Some of the fought Pompey again, and Pompey fled to Egypt, whither Caesar leisurely followed. There were campaigns in Africa and Asia, but the end was that after only four years of war this man, who was not bred a soldier, stood monarch of Rome in all but the name, and controller of the whole of the then-known world.

He had gone into the business of war with a trained brain in the maturity of his superb vigor. His intellectual grasp of any situation was perfect. His control of men was complete; his character imposed on every one that ever approached him. His nervous strength enabled him to undergo any toil, any strain.

And Caesar was always lucky. He knew the fact and seemed sometimes to rely on it. He often did things glaringly careless. He invaded Italy with only one legion, when Pompey had ten; he sailed to Greece with less than twenty thousand men to attack Pompey, who had 60,000; he landed in Egypt with 4,000 and was soon surrounded by an army of 20,000; he went into Africa again with 3,000, where the Pompeians had an army of 75,000.

But, perhaps, Caesar did not rely on his luck. One of his traits was his determination to succeed in any affair of fight which he had undertaken with insufficient means. It was when encountering overwhelming odds that he most fully displayed his splendid vigor, his wonderful skill.

Though fighting was often a matter of "mood" with Caesar, and sometimes he would not give battle until compelled to, we may judge of the extraordinary military greatness of this greatest man of ancient history by one feature of all his campaigns—their short duration.

"Sunrise Study."

By a Washington Woman.

Who will believe there ever lived a full grown man who had never seen the sun rise?

Where the wonderful "new" now lies was the favorite trail of the "paper-horn" club of the capital. One morning they started out before daylight. At the close of the chase early breakfast was to be

served by the club at their country inn. A young friend from the south, who had just opened a real estate office in Washington, and who was a dandy and a fine horseman, was invited to join them.

In a dazzling hunting suit, with rattling spurs, and a bob-tailed black horse, young Elphinstone rode beyond the miles of beautiful concrete roads, across fields, and through woods, until they stood on the brow of a hill overlooking the city to the east.

Tom laughed and replied: "You think I never went to fox hunting? You'll see who'll get in at the death!"

As the sun rode beyond the miles of beautiful concrete roads, across fields, and through woods, until they stood on the brow of a hill overlooking the city to the east.

The big dome, the city spires, the sparkling river, were a blaze of red. The tin roofs of houses gleamed in a scarlet glow. The knight of brand-new armor and the dashing black horse turned in wild haste to Mr. McGregor, the Russian leader of cross-country riding, and gasped out: "My God, McGregor! Do you suppose my office is on fire? The city is all ablaze; what shall we do?"

"Tom," laughed his friend, "you had better go home and go to bed. When a fellow at twenty-five doesn't know the difference between a first and a sunrise, he is too young and inexperienced to go to fox hunting."

Tom "rode in at the death" slowly and behind the others. He has never yet been able to rid himself of the name given him that day, "Sunrise Tom."

The Biggest Kite Ever Made.

The biggest kite in the world was made in Durham, Greene county, New York, about a year ago. It may be taken as the biggest kite ever made.

The frame consisted of two main sticks twenty-eight feet long, weighing each 100 pounds, and two cross sticks twenty-two feet long and weighing seventy-five pounds each; all of these sticks were 2x6 inches in dimensions.

Over this frame work was stretched a great sheet of white duck 25x35 feet, weighing fifty-five pounds, the tail of the kite alone weighed fifty pounds and contained 500 yards of muslin. Twenty-five hundred feet of a half-inch rope served as "kite strings."

This playing cost \$75, and when it mounted into the air it exerted an lifting power of 500 pounds. Six men once permitted it to ascend 1,000 feet.

Some Snow Statuary.

This winter a heavy fall of snow in Belgium gave the burgomaster of Brussels a "happy thought" and he at once set himself to carry it out.

It was the "man" idea on a big scale. He invited the eminent artists of the capital to come out for a frolic and transform the great park of Brussels into a vast saloon of winter statuary.

They arrived and the gates were closed. It was great fun, precisely as if it were the Boston artists turned loose on the common at the invitation of the mayor or the New Yorkers in Central park. They caught the idea and went to work with a will; left their talent to create masterpieces out of the shining snow marble piled at their feet. They packed and shaped and modeled with their hands as long as the snow was soft; after it hardened they used shovels and boards and rakes and knives and shovels anything. They stuck in bits of coal for buttons and eyes.

Meantime it had been announced throughout the city that the public would be admitted to the exhibition when all was ready for a small fee, 4 cents a person, the money to be given to the hospital.

In two days the sculpture had completed their statues. The end gate at the corner of the Place des Palais and the Rue Royale, was thrown open. The throng was so great that a frequent relay of horses and men was sent out to hold the steady stream of small coin.

Everywhere there were shouts of laughter, murmurs of admiration, cries of wonder. The sculptures were so good that the hand of a delicious cupid from the snow-shovel of Knepler, on that had a pair of gigantic laughing sphynxes by Dillens.

For real solid nourishment comfort nothing is so delicious as old-fashioned chicken served to invalids and human race, but the thickened, highly-peppery, our grandmothers when we want to spend and which to this day color the intermingled roses and lavender of

For this soup you may and toughest of hens, that is very fat. Cold water and put to it a half a pound of butter, half a cup of cream, pepper a very egg, a bunch of thyme rapidly until the fowl fall a cup of cream, pepper a three sliced, hard-boiled

Now when everybody is vegetable, an occasional one of the very best canned corn fritters made by the green corn fritters are de

Broiled ham with cream, better boiled just now the may. Chickens boiled in gravy are delicious with a boiled mutton and caper

Take three pounds of pound pork; chop together cup of cracker crumbs, salt, one teaspoonful of parsley and sage to taste one lemon and the juice in a drip pan three hours

Radishes and new at spring meals, by those who like the laded dainties by boiled Served with a cream of actually a guileless and

The treatment of the relation of a unique, freshly held in a certain of witching hour of 1. It

which gathered together white boudoir some half to personally discuss the

Now you never would gle of liking onions

Disordered Liver not fight with Beecham's

Dr. H. MOZLEY—Dear Sir: Since your Lemon Elixir I have never had another attack of those fearful sick headaches, and thank God I have at last found a medicine that will cure those awful pains.

MRS. ETTA W. JONES, Parkersburg, West Va.

Lemon Elixir absolutely cures and prevents the Grip.

Gratitude.

Dr. H. MOZLEY—Dear Sir: Since your Lemon Elixir I have never had another attack of those fearful sick







## THE CONSTITUTION.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY  
 The Daily, per year, \$5.00  
 The Sunday, per year, \$3.00  
 The Daily and Sunday, per year, \$7.00  
 The Daily, per year, \$3.00  
 The Sunday, per year, \$3.00  
 The Daily and Sunday, per year, \$7.00  
 At these reduced rates all subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Contributors must keep copies of articles. We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and will do so under no circumstances, unless accompanied by return postage.

NICHOLS & HOLLADAY, Eastern Advertising Agents,  
 Address: CONSTITUTION BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

12 CENTS PER WEEK

For THE DAILY CONSTITUTION, or 50 cents per calendar month. Sixteen cents per week for THE DAILY and SUNDAY CONSTITUTION, or 67 cents per calendar month, delivered to any address by carrier in the city of Atlanta. Sent to any address at once.

Where to Find The Constitution.  
 The Constitution can be found on sale as follows:  
 New York—Brentano's, No. 6 Union Square  
 Cincinnati—J. R. Hawley, 107 Vine Street  
 Washington—McClure, 107 Pine Street  
 Paris—Anglo-American Reading Rooms, Champs Elysees and Rue Meyerbeer.

ATLANTA, GA., March 20, 1892.

**The Cost of Cotton Production.**  
 Mr. S. M. Inman's letter to Commissioner Nesbitt in reference to the latter's recent statements concerning the cost of cotton production will excite general interest and discussion.

It will be noted that the commissioner in his reply lays stress upon the fact that it would require years of careful preparation of the ground by other crops to make it possible for planters to produce a bale of cotton at a cost of from three to four cents a pound. In view of this fact he does not think that his statements will affect the price of cotton at present and in the near future.

Mr. Inman holds a different view. He knows the sensitive nature of cotton markets at home and abroad, and is apprehensive that Commissioner Nesbitt's estimates will be telegraphed and quoted for some time to come, and will have the effect of lowering prices.

Mr. Inman's view of the situation is a very natural one, and it is sustained by the opinions of many cotton experts, planters and others, who have been interviewed during the past few months, from Tennessee to Texas. His request for more light on the subject in the shape of testimony from our cotton planters points the way to a field of investigation which The Constitution proposes to explore until sufficient definite information is obtained to warrant a final conclusion.

The general opinion is that cotton is ruinously low at present prices. If, however, this is a mistake, and it is possible to so change our methods as to raise a bale to the acre at a cost of from three to four cents, The Constitution proposes to make it known, with the proof, if it can be obtained.

**The South's Mistake.**  
 The Richmond Dispatch quotes a financier as saying that the difference of value between the cotton fibre of the south and the wool into which it is woven amounts to eight hundred million dollars for one season alone!

These hundreds of millions and other countless hundreds of millions in the past have nearly all gone into the pockets of New England and old England. Since cotton became our main crop the south has poured untold gold into the coffers of outsiders by neglecting manufactures and commerce.

It staggers the average intellect to attempt to figure out the sum total of the enormous wealth which the south has thrown into the hands of the manufacturing communities of the northern states and the old world.

It is not too late to make an effort to keep this money at home. The southern people need all the profit that can be made out of cotton, and it is evident that the surest way to get it is to manufacture our raw material here at home in sight of the cotton fields.

"We can no longer afford to sit back and say that 'Cotton is King.' Commerce is king, and there is no profitable commerce without manufactures. Within the past fifteen years the south has turned her attention to diversified industries, but as yet she has made only a beginning. With her practical monopoly of cotton it will be to her interest to push its manufacture until it comes entirely under her control."

**No Postponement.**

The New York World, which is published not far from Wall street, wants the democratic majority in the house to reconsider its action in setting apart next Tuesday for the consideration of the silver remonetization bill. The World wants the whole matter postponed, on the ground that the consideration of this or any similar measure at this time is fraught with peril to the party.

In proffering this advice, The World and other newspapers which are within range of Wall street influences, fail to take into account the one very important fact—namely, that the democratic congressmen who voted to consider the remonetization bill next Tuesday, and who will insist on its consideration, are the men who were elected in 1890 as the result of the political revolution which then took place. Is it not barely possible that these men are acquainted with the wishes of their constituents? Is it not true that they are pledged to carry out the desires of the democrats who elected them? These are matters which The World would do well to consider.

There is another point to which we desire to call attention. It is this: If the consideration of the remonetization bill is fraught with peril at this time, how is it that there was no peril when the democratic senators voted unanimously in favor of free coinage in 1890? At that time congressional elections were pending; it was vitally important to the democratic party and the country that the majority in the house should be reversed; a false step would have been fatal to the purpose of the party. Under these circumstances, how is it that nothing was heard of the peril when the democratic senators were preparing to vote unanimously for free coinage bill?

There seemed not only to be no peril

at that time, but the unanimous vote of the democratic senators was followed by the political revolution of 1890. We do not say that this revolution was due to the vote for free coinage, but we do say that the democratic endorsement of the measure was not disapproved by the people.

The New York World and other democratic newspapers that are anxious to see republican financial legislation perpetuated, must not forget that the south and west are as important to the party as New York. There are movements in this section in favor of financial reform which The World will be compelled to take account of if it is really a democratic newspaper. Wall street views and ideas will not be tolerated by the people here. The moment that the farmers perceive that the policy of the party is in danger of being controlled by the element that is interested in perpetuating the present financial condition a tremendous impulse will be given to the third party movement; and then the democrats will be brought face to face with a real peril compared to which the imaginary peril mentioned by The World is a mere matter of moonshine.

**A Message from the Fields.**  
 There is a song in the fields where the plowshare is gleaming—a song of hope for the harvest ahead, and the man at the plow-handle seems happier than he has been, as the furrows are formed at his feet. The fields have a busy air about them; the farmers are reaping their rich promises and taking heart for the future. Cotton no longer is king—at least, his reign is not as royal, as absolute, as in the past. He has been a tyrant to his subjects, and they are now in open revolt, and his white throne is threatened. This year the yellow corn will wave its tassels in many fields that have lain idle, and once fleecy acres will brighten with green blades.

There should be great things in store for Georgia farmers in this year of grace. They have resolved to make the farm self-sustaining; to make it bring forth bountifully; to build up their broken fortunes, and retrieve lost ground. This is the news that reaches us from all sections of the state, and cheering news it is to all who feel an interest in the welfare of the farm and the freeds. The depressed finances of the past year, instead of leaving the farmers hopeless, have only stimulated them to renewed and greater effort and strengthened the determination to succeed, and that success will crown their labors at the reaping time, there can be no manner of doubt.

The skies are brightening above them, but their own hands have pushed the clouds aside and let the sunshine out; they are making the prosperity they will enjoy by strong and steady strokes; tearing down the barriers that impede progress and making an open way for themselves.

It will be a year of hard work and self-denial for them, but when they reap the well-rewarded that follow, they will be well content. This is their motto as we hear it: "Less credit; less cotton; more work and more wages!" And they can win it, and top their barns with bright, abundant harvests that will set the silver jingling!

**An Inventive Editor.**  
 The Memphis Appeal-Avalanche, which is a title at once ponderous and overpowering, has reached a point where the editor is compelled to use his invention. He says that The Constitution "denounces Mr. Cleveland as being the tool of Wall street." What he can hope to gain for Mr. Cleveland or his candidacy by putting forth such an invention as this, we are unable to perceive.

The main trouble with Mr. Cleveland is the character of the campaign which his professed friends are making for him. This has been the theme of The Constitution for some time, not only because it is an interesting matter, but because it gives occasion for special wonder. We have never denounced Mr. Cleveland in any way, shape or form. We have left denunciation to those who imagine they are helping Mr. Cleveland by slandering and abusing his possible rivals. We believe firmly in his honesty and integrity, and in his conscientious desire to do what he believes to be right.

The only trouble with him at present is that he is pursued by the professed friendship of men who care nothing for his character or his good name, and who are striving to place him in the attitude of antagonizing the democratic organization in New York. He is made the victim of the most fulsome adulation. He cannot shake hand with an acquaintance but there is some one standing by to exclaim: "How gifted and how gracious!" He cannot write a letter, but there are editors ready to pick out its commonplaces and cry: "How grand and how statesmanlike!" He cannot say "howdy" to a friend, but there is a reporter waiting to remark: "This is what might have been expected of a statesman of his caliber."

We have insisted and still insist that Mr. Cleveland is not responsible for these things. No doubt he has a hearty contempt for those who beseech him with their fulsome attentions; but he is practically helpless. He cannot escape them. So with the Wall street movement. He is not responsible for it, and we doubt not he is deceived as to its real purport. He is not the tool of these active elements of the money-power, but their victim. There never was a public man so unhappy in his friends and so unfortunate in his following.

The Wall street movement is not in any strict sense a Cleveland movement—a fact which we have pointed out before; but it is using the ex-president as a stalking horse. The money-sharks and gold-brokers who are behind it would be glad to see Mr. Cleveland nominated, for the reason that he represents their views with regard to the remonetization of silver; but they will be very well satisfied if by defeating the nomination of Senator Hill, they could defeat the party. The surprising thing about the whole matter is the fact that such southern writers as may be supposed to be sincerely in favor of Cleveland do not perceive that the Wall street movement is fatal to the ex-president if unsuccessful, and fatal to the democratic party if successful.

So far from denouncing Mr. Cleveland as being the tool of Wall street, we would be glad to get all the delegates.

Ingalls says he doesn't want an office. Does this mean that he is really a candidate?

W. E. Grace says that those interested don't talk about such things, but he doesn't deny that the Wall street movement has been behind it.

If money could win Wall street would be a sure winner in this campaign.

Does the New York World know that workmen in New York state, without regard to party, are in favor of the remonetization of silver? Mr. Powderly has recently made some interesting remarks on this subject.

There is no doubt about the earnestness of Wall street. It will spend money to kill off Hill, and it will spend money to defeat financial reform.

as the tool of Wall street. The Constitution has made an effort to rescue Mr. Cleveland from the false attitude in which his so-called friends have placed him. We are convinced that he is entirely ignorant of the nature and character of the movement which professes to be in his interest.

**EDITORIAL COMMENT.**  
 Several of Senator Hill's friends in this city complain that notice was not printed in advance of his short stop in Atlanta on his way from Birmingham to Savannah a few days ago. They claim that he would have had an oration, notwithstanding the early hour of his arrival. It was impossible to print the notice, as it was not known in Atlanta until 8 o'clock the evening before. It was understood that he would make the trip from Birmingham to Savannah via Columbus. This had to be abandoned on the evening of the 18th instant, because he could not make connection from Birmingham in time to get to Savannah at the hour appointed, and arrangements had to be made to come via Atlanta and to have a special train meet him here. It was simply impossible to give the notice.

**The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record says:**  
 "The yellow pine lumbermen of Georgia have taken a very decided step for improving the condition of their trade, by planning the consolidation of all their interests into one corporation. Competition, the imposition of middlemen and excessive freight charges by the Georgia railroads are charged with having wiped out all the profits of the business, and the preliminary steps towards consolidation have been taken as a corrective measure. The mills controlled in this movement practically control the entire yellow pine output of Georgia, and the probable result of the consolidation will be an advance in the price of yellow pine lumber. According to the plan as at present outlined, the administration of the affairs of the consolidated mills will be vested in twelve directors, whose powers, regarding prices, etc., will be very comprehensive."

**When Insanity Is Doubtful.**  
 In the recent case of Edward M. Field, in New York, the jury could not decide whether the defendant was insane or not.

The presiding judge concluded to give the public the benefit of the doubt. Instead of turning Field loose, or leaving the issue for another jury, he ordered Field to be confined in a state insane asylum until it can be determined whether his insanity is real or simulated.

"This is the right course to pursue. In the asylum, under the eyes of experts, Field cannot sham insanity long without being found out, and if he turns out to be really insane he will be in the proper place, and his case will give no more trouble."

**Where the Money Is.**  
 The "eastern money power" is a common phrase these days, and it very correctly describes the situation.

Under existing conditions, and especially under the workings of our national banking system, the east has absorbed and will continue to absorb the bulk of the currency.

The statistics furnished by the comptroller of the currency of the current year for 1891 show in the east a per capita of loanable funds, from \$80.70 in New Jersey to \$90.72 in Rhode Island, while the south has only from \$6.56 in Arkansas to \$30.10 in Louisiana. The comptroller's report shows that the eleven eastern states contain \$3,737,812,013 of the country's gross amount of loanable funds, \$5,840,438,191, or nearly 64 per cent, while eleven southern states have only a little over 3 per cent, and the remaining twenty-seven states have about 33 per cent.

Now, these eleven eastern states have only 17,062,640 acres of land, while the eleven southern states have 479,905,758 acres. This averages \$31.08 per acre to the east and less than four cents per acre to the south.

Following this analysis The National Economist says:  
 "The population of the eleven eastern states is 18,384, who control \$3,737,812,191 of loanable funds, which gives a per capita of \$204.88. The eleven southern states have a population of 14,967,000, and have only \$1,974,011,296 in loanable funds, or \$13.19 per capita. The twenty-seven other states and territories have 30,209,000 people, with \$1,055,584,182 of such funds, which gives a per capita of \$34.98. The average family of five persons in the east enjoys nearly one thousand dollars of loanable funds, while a similar family in the south must be content with \$65.80. There seems to be an unequal distribution in this case that calls loudly for readjustment."

A comparison of the loans and discounts results in the following figures, as our contemporary shows:

Of the entire amount \$3,852,633,145, the eleven eastern states own over 75 per cent, the eleven southern states less than 5 per cent, and the remaining twenty-seven states and territories less than 20 per cent.

By reducing these figures to per capita amounts, the eleven eastern states have \$124.93, the eleven southern states \$11.59, and the twenty-seven other states and territories \$34.98.

What the average family of five in the east can loan \$635 without trenching upon some one else, a like family in the south must put up with \$104.40 of their own money.

These are figures worth brooding over. The average southern farmer or business man is forced to depend upon the east where the great fortunes are concentrated, and where the money of the country is hoarded, whenever he needs currency to move crops or to stimulate industry and enterprise.

The distribution of the currency is too unequal. The great south and the great west need money centers—local centers. If the present state of affairs is to continue the southern and western people will be practically the serfs of the plutocratic east.

The cry of the masses for financial relief is the natural outcome of these unjust and unnatural conditions. It will swell into a clamor that must be heeded, and no political party can hope for success if it turns a deaf ear to the people. As matters now stand, the masses are in no mood to submit to the dictation of the money power when leaders are to be chosen and platforms are to be formulated.

It is well for politicians to bear these points in mind as they go along.

If Mr. Harrison can get up a war he thinks he will be able to get all the delegates.

Ingalls says he doesn't want an office. Does this mean that he is really a candidate?

W. E. Grace says that those interested don't talk about such things, but he doesn't deny that the Wall street movement has been behind it.

If money could win Wall street would be a sure winner in this campaign.

Does the New York World know that workmen in New York state, without regard to party, are in favor of the remonetization of silver? Mr. Powderly has recently made some interesting remarks on this subject.

There is no doubt about the earnestness of Wall street. It will spend money to kill off Hill, and it will spend money to defeat financial reform.

Referring to the brutal assaults made on General Sikes while a guest of some of our citizens, The Augusta Chronicle deprecates them

as a ruthless violation of "those fundamental laws of courtesy and hospitality which are inbred in every southern heart." As a specimen of partisan rancor this violation of the rules of courtesy and hospitality is new to our climate and people; but as The Chronicle knows, Atlanta is not responsible for it, nor do the citizens of Atlanta endorse it.

**EDITORIAL COMMENT.**  
 Several of Senator Hill's friends in this city complain that notice was not printed in advance of his short stop in Atlanta on his way from Birmingham to Savannah a few days ago. They claim that he would have had an oration, notwithstanding the early hour of his arrival. It was impossible to print the notice, as it was not known in Atlanta until 8 o'clock the evening before. It was understood that he would make the trip from Birmingham to Savannah via Columbus. This had to be abandoned on the evening of the 18th instant, because he could not make connection from Birmingham in time to get to Savannah at the hour appointed, and arrangements had to be made to come via Atlanta and to have a special train meet him here. It was simply impossible to give the notice.

**The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record says:**  
 "The yellow pine lumbermen of Georgia have taken a very decided step for improving the condition of their trade, by planning the consolidation of all their interests into one corporation. Competition, the imposition of middlemen and excessive freight charges by the Georgia railroads are charged with having wiped out all the profits of the business, and the preliminary steps towards consolidation have been taken as a corrective measure. The mills controlled in this movement practically control the entire yellow pine output of Georgia, and the probable result of the consolidation will be an advance in the price of yellow pine lumber. According to the plan as at present outlined, the administration of the affairs of the consolidated mills will be vested in twelve directors, whose powers, regarding prices, etc., will be very comprehensive."

**When Insanity Is Doubtful.**  
 In the recent case of Edward M. Field, in New York, the jury could not decide whether the defendant was insane or not.

The presiding judge concluded to give the public the benefit of the doubt. Instead of turning Field loose, or leaving the issue for another jury, he ordered Field to be confined in a state insane asylum until it can be determined whether his insanity is real or simulated.

"This is the right course to pursue. In the asylum, under the eyes of experts, Field cannot sham insanity long without being found out, and if he turns out to be really insane he will be in the proper place, and his case will give no more trouble."

**Where the Money Is.**  
 The "eastern money power" is a common phrase these days, and it very correctly describes the situation.

Under existing conditions, and especially under the workings of our national banking system, the east has absorbed and will continue to absorb the bulk of the currency.

The statistics furnished by the comptroller of the currency of the current year for 1891 show in the east a per capita of loanable funds, from \$80.70 in New Jersey to \$90.72 in Rhode Island, while the south has only from \$6.56 in Arkansas to \$30.10 in Louisiana. The comptroller's report shows that the eleven eastern states contain \$3,737,812,013 of the country's gross amount of loanable funds, \$5,840,438,191, or nearly 64 per cent, while eleven southern states have only a little over 3 per cent, and the remaining twenty-seven states have about 33 per cent.

Now, these eleven eastern states have only 17,062,640 acres of land, while the eleven southern states have 479,905,758 acres. This averages \$31.08 per acre to the east and less than four cents per acre to the south.

Following this analysis The National Economist says:  
 "The population of the eleven eastern states is 18,384, who control \$3,737,812,191 of loanable funds, which gives a per capita of \$204.88. The eleven southern states have a population of 14,967,000, and have only \$1,974,011,296 in loanable funds, or \$13.19 per capita. The twenty-seven other states and territories have 30,209,000 people, with \$1,055,584,182 of such funds, which gives a per capita of \$34.98. The average family of five persons in the east enjoys nearly one thousand dollars of loanable funds, while a similar family in the south must be content with \$65.80. There seems to be an unequal distribution in this case that calls loudly for readjustment."

A comparison of the loans and discounts results in the following figures, as our contemporary shows:

Of the entire amount \$3,852,633,145, the eleven eastern states own over 75 per cent, the eleven southern states less than 5 per cent, and the remaining twenty-seven states and territories less than 20 per cent.

By reducing these figures to per capita amounts, the eleven eastern states have \$124.93, the eleven southern states \$11.59, and the twenty-seven other states and territories \$34.98.

What the average family of five in the east can loan \$635 without trenching upon some one else, a like family in the south must put up with \$104.40 of their own money.

These are figures worth brooding over. The average southern farmer or business man is forced to depend upon the east where the great fortunes are concentrated, and where the money of the country is hoarded, whenever he needs currency to move crops or to stimulate industry and enterprise.

The distribution of the currency is too unequal. The great south and the great west need money centers—local centers. If the present state of affairs is to continue the southern and western people will be practically the serfs of the plutocratic east.

The cry of the masses for financial relief is the natural outcome of these unjust and unnatural conditions. It will swell into a clamor that must be heeded, and no political party can hope for success if it turns a deaf ear to the people. As matters now stand, the masses are in no mood to submit to the dictation of the money power when leaders are to be chosen and platforms are to be formulated.

It is well for politicians to bear these points in mind as they go along.

If Mr. Harrison can get up a war he thinks he will be able to get all the delegates.

Ingalls says he doesn't want an office. Does this mean that he is really a candidate?

W. E. Grace says that those interested don't talk about such things, but he doesn't deny that the Wall street movement has been behind it.

If money could win Wall street would be a sure winner in this campaign.

Does the New York World know that workmen in New York state, without regard to party, are in favor of the remonetization of silver? Mr. Powderly has recently made some interesting remarks on this subject.

There is no doubt about the earnestness of Wall street. It will spend money to kill off Hill, and it will spend money to defeat financial reform.

Referring to the brutal assaults made on General Sikes while a guest of some of our citizens, The Augusta Chronicle deprecates them

as a ruthless violation of "those fundamental laws of courtesy and hospitality which are inbred in every southern heart." As a specimen of partisan rancor this violation of the rules of courtesy and hospitality is new to our climate and people; but as The Chronicle knows, Atlanta is not responsible for it, nor do the citizens of Atlanta endorse it.

**EDITORIAL COMMENT.**  
 Several of Senator Hill's friends in this city complain that notice was not printed in advance of his short stop in Atlanta on his way from Birmingham to Savannah a few days ago. They claim that he would have had an oration, notwithstanding the early hour of his arrival. It was impossible to print the notice, as it was not known in Atlanta until 8 o'clock the evening before. It was understood that he would make the trip from Birmingham to Savannah via Columbus. This had to be abandoned on the evening of the 18th instant, because he could not make connection from Birmingham in time to get to Savannah at the hour appointed, and arrangements had to be made to come via Atlanta and to have a special train meet him here. It was simply impossible to give the notice.

**The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record says:**  
 "The yellow pine lumbermen of Georgia have taken a very decided step for improving the condition of their trade, by planning the consolidation of all their interests into one corporation. Competition, the imposition of middlemen and excessive freight charges by the Georgia railroads are charged with having wiped out all the profits of the business, and the preliminary steps towards consolidation have been taken as a corrective measure. The mills controlled in this movement practically control the entire yellow pine output of Georgia, and the probable result of the consolidation will be an advance in the price of yellow pine lumber. According to the plan as at present outlined, the administration of the affairs of the consolidated mills will be vested in twelve directors, whose powers, regarding prices, etc., will be very comprehensive."

**When Insanity Is Doubtful.**  
 In the recent case of Edward M. Field, in New York, the jury could not decide whether the defendant was insane or not.

The presiding judge concluded to give the public the benefit of the doubt. Instead of turning Field loose, or leaving the issue for another jury, he ordered Field to be confined in a state insane asylum until it can be determined whether his insanity is real or simulated.

"This is the right course to pursue. In the asylum, under the eyes of experts, Field cannot sham insanity long without being found out, and if he turns out to be really insane he will be in the proper place, and his case will give no more trouble."

**Where the Money Is.**  
 The "eastern money power" is a common phrase these days, and it very correctly describes the situation.

Under existing conditions, and especially under the workings of our national banking system, the east has absorbed and will continue to absorb the bulk of the currency.

The statistics furnished by the comptroller of the currency of the current year for 1891 show in the east a per capita of loanable funds, from \$80.70 in New Jersey to \$90.72 in Rhode Island, while the south has only from \$6.56 in Arkansas to \$30.10 in Louisiana. The comptroller's report shows that the eleven eastern states contain \$3,737,812,013 of the country's gross amount of loanable funds, \$5,840,438,191, or nearly 64 per cent, while eleven southern states have only a little over 3 per cent, and the remaining twenty-seven states have about 33 per cent.

Now, these eleven eastern states have only 17,062,640 acres of land, while the eleven southern states have 479,905,758 acres. This averages \$31.08 per acre to the east and less than four cents per acre to the south.

Following this analysis The National Economist says:  
 "The population of the eleven eastern states is 18,384, who control \$3,737,812,191 of loanable funds, which gives a per capita of \$204.88. The eleven southern states have a population of 14,967,000, and have only \$1,974,011,296 in loanable funds, or \$13.19 per capita. The twenty-seven other states and territories have 30,209,000 people, with \$1,055,584,182 of such funds, which gives a per capita of \$34.98. The average family of five persons in the east enjoys nearly one thousand dollars of loanable funds, while a similar family in the south must be content with \$65.80. There seems to be an unequal distribution in this case that calls loudly for readjustment."

A comparison of the loans and discounts results in the following figures, as our contemporary shows:

Of the entire amount \$3,852,633,145, the eleven eastern states own over 75 per cent, the eleven southern states less than 5 per cent, and the remaining twenty-seven states and territories less than 20 per cent.

By reducing these figures to per capita amounts, the eleven eastern states have \$124.93, the eleven southern states \$11.59, and the twenty-seven other states and territories \$34.98.

What the average family of five in the east can loan \$635 without trenching upon some one else, a like family in the south must put up with \$104.40 of their own money.

These are figures worth brooding over. The average southern farmer or business man is forced to depend upon the east where the great fortunes are concentrated, and where the money of the country is hoarded, whenever he needs currency to move crops or to stimulate industry and enterprise.

The distribution of the currency is too unequal. The great south and the great west need money centers—local centers. If the present state of affairs is to continue the southern and western people will be practically the serfs of the plutocratic east.

The cry of the masses for financial relief is the natural outcome of these unjust and unnatural conditions. It will swell into a clamor that must be heeded, and no political party can hope for success if it turns a deaf ear to the people. As matters now stand, the masses are in no mood to submit to the dictation of the money power when leaders are to be chosen and platforms are to be formulated.

It is well for politicians to bear these points in mind as they go along.

If Mr. Harrison can get up a war he thinks he will be able to get all the delegates.

Ingalls says he doesn't want an office. Does this mean that he is really a candidate?

W. E. Grace says that those interested don't talk about such things, but he doesn't deny that the Wall street movement has been behind it.

If money could win Wall street would be a sure winner in this campaign.

Does the New York World know that workmen in New York state, without regard to party, are in favor of the remonetization of silver? Mr. Powderly has recently made some interesting remarks on this subject.

There is no doubt about the earnestness of Wall street. It will spend money to kill off Hill, and it will spend money to defeat financial reform.

Referring to the brutal assaults made on General Sikes while a guest of some of our citizens, The Augusta Chronicle deprecates them

## IN BUSINESS.

The American Match Company has for several years been a successful manufacturer of matches, and has sold out.

Mr. John F. Jacques, the purchaser, has sold out. It seems that the several days ago, he had been sold out into business.

A Constitution (republican) C. W. DuPre, president and finding him busy, obtained the full sale.

When pressed for a confirmation of the report, a manufacturer of matches, of Clinton, La., several days ago, of the entire property, the trade, paying the cash for the plant. The considerable interests in the plant were sold to other in Pennsylvania.

The sale was said and the American Match evolved from a stock company into a manufacturing company controlled and largely improved and enlarged.

It started in Clinton, La., years ago, and the old Georgia match found on every shelf in the household. Gainesville Match Company.



## IN BUSINESS CIRCLES.

The American Match Company Has  
Sold Out.

## ONE OF OUR INDUSTRIES CHANGED

Real Estate Matters and How the Real  
Estate Board Starts Off—General  
Business Matters.

The American Match Company, which has for several years been one of Atlanta's prosperous manufacturing companies, has sold out.

Mr. John F. Jaques, of Clinton, Ia., is the purchaser.

It seems that the sale was consummated several days ago, but news of it just leaked out into business circles yesterday.

A Constitution representative sought Mr. C. W. DuPre, president of the company, and finding him busy in the company's office, obtained the full particulars of the sale.

When pressed for a reply, Mr. DuPre confirmed the report. He said Mr. Jaques, a manufacturer of wooden ware and matches, of Clinton, Ia., had been in Atlanta several days, looking to the purchase of the entire property, and had finally made the trade, paying the money down in cool cash for the plant.

The purchaser has considerable interests in manufacturing matches, having a factory in Iowa and another in Pennsylvania.

The sale was satisfactorily adjusted, and the American Match Company has evolved from a stock company to an individual, controlled and owned by one man, largely improved and renovated.

It started in Gainesville.

The Atlanta Match Company has been operating in Atlanta about two years.

The plant was first started in Gainesville, Ga., years ago, and everybody remembers the old Georgia match that was to be found on every mantle piece and used in every household, manufactured by the Gainesville Match Company.

When the plant was moved to Atlanta and established on in Bellwood, by the Western and Atlantic railroad, a stock company was organized.

Then it was that Mr. C. W. DuPre, formerly of South Carolina, was made president and general manager. Under his guidance the Gainesville Match Company grew to be known and patronized all over this part of the southern states. Mr. DuPre's thorough business qualifications and clear understanding of this line of business enabled him to make the business hum.

Some Obstacles.

But it seems that the big Diamond Match company's low-priced matches interfered somewhat with the profits of the product. Unless the plant could be considerably enlarged, so as to compete with this great company, the American Match Company had but little hope of realizing the large profits desired. Hence, the sale to a party thoroughly able to make the necessary enlargements.

Mr. C. W. DuPre will be left in charge of the manufactory as general manager, according to the terms of the contract, for several years. This means that the company will continue to enjoy a large clientage all over this region of country.

Many Improvements.

Many improvements and considerable enlargements are to be made in the plant.

It is said that the purchaser represents large capital and will thoroughly renovate and enlarge the capacity of the factory. Atlanta is to have a splendid match factory in every sense of the term.

Real Estate Matters.

Now that the Atlanta real estate board is fairly started with headquarters, the interest increases in it.

Speaking of the recent meeting of the exchange and the work in view, Vice President S. M. Goode said yesterday:

"The board met and selected the Chamber of Commerce building and rooms with the chamber, tendered us by that body through Mr. H. G. Sanders, the secretary, who also proffered his assistance in the management of the details of the board's work.

"A committee of three, Messrs. Welch, Miller and Krouse, was appointed to arrange boards and books and other things necessary for listing property and transacting the general office business of the board.

For the State Board.

"The board also passed a resolution inviting the real estate agents of Georgia to meet in convention in Atlanta on the 24th of May, and endorsed the contemplated call of Mr. Samuel W. Goode, vice president for Georgia of the National Real Estate Association, for a convention at the date named, for the purpose of organizing a state board.

"The meeting was largely attended and the members manifested enthusiasm over the work to be accomplished by the local board, as they believe it will result in great good to owners, buyers and agents of real estate by simplifying the handling of property. The utmost harmony prevailed, and it seems that the leading agents of the city have enrolled their names as members of the board.

"I predict good results from this movement of our real estate men and the people of Atlanta are looking to it with great interest."

Real Estate Sales.

There are to be sales Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons by Samuel W. Goode & Co., and many deals have occurred in the past week. The market seems firm and active, and as usual Atlanta is moving ahead solidly and rapidly.

JOHN J. WOODSIDE.

His Work in the City—His Facilities for Transacting Business, and the Manner in Which He Does His Work.

If you were to ask the property owners of Atlanta who in their judgment was the best renting and collecting agent in the southern states, they would almost to a man tell you that Mr. John J. Woodside, corner of Broad and Walton streets, is the one.

The fact is, he has established one of the most complete, reliable and trustworthy real estate renting and collecting agencies in the southern states.

Only a few years ago he was doing business on a small scale. Today he is considered a successful man, and his property is in the hands of many in Fulton county.

He looks carefully after every detail of his work, and those who entrust their business to him do so with the assurance that their property will be looked after with as much care and pains as if they were in charge of it themselves.

Some time ago The Constitution noticed at length the manner in which Mr. Woodside handled his renting business.

Now he has added a general moving business and is splendidly prepared to move furniture and household goods of every description on the shortest notice. In order that you may know how well he does his work, an unsolicited letter is here presented from Alderman A. J. Shropshire in regard to the matter:

Mr. John J. Woodside, City. Dear Sir—I am constrained to thank and congratulate you as a successful moving household and kitchen furniture. I have never changed homes but a few times in Atlanta, and have been dreading to move, but since I have experienced your way of moving people I must confess it is not near so much trouble and annoyance as I expected.

Your employees are polite, active and careful, and fully understand their business, and I never heard one of them use a curse word, and your wagons and teams are made for this express purpose. Your charges are moderate, and I might say, indeed, very low, and my household goods were handled

in such a manner as not to break or damage anything from a "botch" to a piano. In words, they took down the furniture and put it up again at the place of destination without the loss of a roller or screw. The city should be proud that we have such a convenience and such a success as Mr. John J. Woodside in moving. Yours very truly,

A. J. SHROPSHIRE.

Alderman Shropshire puts the in a pretty strong manner, but those who are acquainted with Mr. Woodside know that he deserves everything that Mr. Shropshire has said about him. In addition to moving furniture and household goods, he also moves pianos and other property of light character. His wagons are built especially for the purpose and they protect furniture from sight and from the sun and rain. The wagons are constructed in such a way that there will be no rubbing and damage to the furniture.

The furniture in an average home can be taken down, moved and placed in position in a very few hours, so that there will be little or no inconvenience to the parties. It must be remembered that Mr. Woodside takes the furniture down, moves it and puts it in position under the direction of the owners.

It is frequently very expensive to move. Mr. Woodside, after looking at the property to be handled, will tell you exactly what he will do it for, and you will know before-hand what you will have to pay. In fact, it is much better to do it by the day than by the load. Mr. Woodside does not personally superintend this department of business. He has as much as he can do to look after the moving and collecting department. The moving department is under the management of one of the best and most reliable men in the city.

Mr. Woodside, in speaking to a Constitution representative yesterday, said:

"I sometimes move people free of cost. I do it this way, and I make this a standing proposition. If anybody finds a house I do not rent, and it suits them, they notify me, and if I can get control of it, I will move them free of cost, and be just as careful with their goods as if they were paying me full price. My wagons and men stand ready to move the people at any time, day or night, and all they have to do is to telephone me and send me a postal card. The well-known Mose Murray has charge of my force of men, and is known throughout the city as one of the most careful movers."

The picnic season will soon be here, and the large and comfortable wagons of Mr. Woodside are the very thing for straw rides and picnics. They are built to make any difference when or where or how you want to go, or what kind of a trip you wish to take, you can secure vehicles and teams with a careful driver from Mr. Woodside.

HERE IN ATLANTA.

Hon. Frank Colley, of Washington, left for his home yesterday, after spending several days in Atlanta. When asked about the political outlook in the eighth, he said that he is not very well posted, but thinks a lively little congressional campaign will turn up before the deal is over.

"I have it from good authority," said he, "that Mr. Worley will not be a candidate, but there are to be, I think, several other candidates in the field against Judge Lawson, though I have no positive information to that effect."

Frank Colley himself has a great host of friends in the eighth who would like very much to send him to congress—and this must be remarked despite his modest indifference.

Bill O'Farrell, the good friend of friends, and one of the leading political workers and democratic organizers of Athens, is in Atlanta. Like every Athenian, Colonel O'Farrell is elated at the bright commercial outlook that seems to hover over that city now. He says Athens merchants are looking forward to a driving spring trade.

Some of the prettiest roses I have ever seen are growing out at Little Switzerland. Grant park these spring days presents a vision of loveliness worth going a long distance to gaze upon, and almost everybody who goes out there takes a look at the little wonderland over the hill. The transformation effected in the creation of that charming little spot remains the wonder of all beholders.

The news of the resignations of the officers of the Central created a great deal of discussion about the streets in railroad and business circles yesterday. There was all sorts of talk about changes possible and probable, and a great many people were heard to express the hope that the old order of things that existed before the lease maintain once more.

"Now I'd like to see Dave Appler back as general agent of the Central here in Atlanta," was a suggestion made at a meeting of business men where the Central was being talked about. And everybody else endorsed that sentiment. Dave Appler has a great many friends in Atlanta, and so have others of the old Central employees who may find themselves once more on top.

Mitt Orr leaves today for Savannah, and a great many Atlanta friends, while wishing him the best of good fortune in his new field, sincerely regret that he is to leave here.

Mr. Orr has been manager of the Atlanta office of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, and has managed the affairs of that company with consummate skill. He has made Atlanta the best point in the company's southern territory, and is transferred to Savannah that he may build up the business of the company at that important point. That he will make a success in his new field, nobody who knows him can doubt.

Mitt Orr came to Atlanta in 1882 as manager of the Atlanta office of the New York and Southern Telegraph Company. He remained with that company until 1887, when it was absorbed by the Western Union. He then traveled for Adair Bros. and was with that firm until the Postal reached Atlanta, when he became Atlanta manager. He has been with that company since. Mr. Orr is not only an excellent manager, but he is an exceedingly clever gentleman, well liked by the business public, and by his employees as well. Yesterday he was presented with a handsome cane by these latter.

Mr. Orr's successor in Atlanta will be Mr. T. A. Cross, who has been manager of the company's office at Raleigh.

Mr. John D. Little, of Columbus, son of State Attorney General W. A. Little, and one of Georgia's brightest young legal lights, is in the city with his many Atlanta friends. Mr. Little is one of the graduates of the State university who left the college with the famous class of '88. He afterwards graduated from the law school there.

ABOUT THE MOTORMAN

Who Was Arrested for Running Through the St. Patrick Procession.

Superintendent McAdoo, of the Atlanta Consolidated Street Railway Company, is very indignant at the arrest of Motorman Pierce on St. Patrick's day.

Pierce was arrested for running his car through a break in the procession. His running through only delayed the procession for half a minute, and if he had waited it would have thrown our schedule out all over the city, and kept him waiting for ten minutes. I regard the arrest as an outrage.

On the Holy Land.

On Tuesday night Rev. E. H. Barnett will deliver his lecture on the Holy Land at Asbury church, corner of Davis and Foundry streets. The lecture is a gem and only the small admission fee of 15 cents is charged. It is for the benefit of the Asbury church.

Carried to Mississippi.

The body of Mr. C. B. Avery, who committed suicide on Thursday night at the Kimball, was carried to Mississippi yesterday morning over the Georgia Pacific railroad. His father, who arrived yesterday morning, accompanied the body of his boy.

## TWO THROUGH LINES

From New Orleans to New York and  
the North.

## ATLANTA THE CENTRAL POINT, TOO.

The Baltimore and Ohio with the Richmond Terminal—The Pennsylvania Lines with the Seaboard.

The railroad situation in Atlanta and this entire region of the south Atlantic states takes on new interest every day.

Here's a happy combination of probabilities, which really amount to more than mere probabilities.

The traffic arrangements recently consummated between the Richmond and Danville and the Baltimore and Ohio people have put the city of Atlanta on a new direct line to the metropolitan cities of the northeast.

Not only this; the Seaboard Airline is likely—more than likely, since it is the Richmond and Danville's principal rival in the southern country—to make such an arrangement with the Pennsylvania lines and this means another through line from New York to New Orleans, centering in Atlanta as a crossing point, giving through trains on parallel and competing lines, rivalry of time and rivalry of rates.

What the Two Lines Are.

Here are the two lines thus combined: One comes down from New York by the Reading railroad to Philadelphia, connecting there by the Baltimore and Ohio to Washington—a splendid run—at Washington connecting with the Richmond and Danville for Atlanta, from hence to Birmingham by the Georgia Pacific, and on to New Orleans by the Queen and Crescent.

The other line runs in this wise: New York to Quantico by the Pennsylvania line, then to Weldon by the Atlantic Coast Line, thence to Atlanta over the Seaboard and Roanoke and the Georgia, Carolina and Northern, in Atlanta connecting with the Atlanta and West Point to Montgomery and thence direct to New Orleans by way of the Louisville and Nashville.

These two lines will probably be combined in the near future. Railroad men who are at all discerning, thinking men, look upon them as certainties.

The Benefit to Atlanta.

"I know one thing about the affair," said a well-known railroad man yesterday talking with other railroad men just along this line of thought—"I know that if such an arrangement is made, it is going to keep things pretty lively in the way of competition from New Orleans to New York."

"You see these are no small potatoes," these roads. Not a he. The Richmond and Danville and the Baltimore with issues pooled count for much. On the other hand, the Seaboard Airline is one of the greatest young systems of the United States. It is coming up in the very vigor of its youth in wonderful proportions. It's a James Dandy; that's what it is, and has plenty of money in its pockets. Let the Seaboard Airline and the Pennsylvania lines once join hands for traffic and you will see trains sweep out of New York down to the south, neck and neck with the other great line, bringing healthy competition, low rates of freight, quick through trains, good service and growing business for both the big lines."

Look Out for It.

It is safe to look for just such a combination as this to be made soon by the Seaboard Airline system. It is not known whether President John M. Robinson's recent visit to Atlanta had any bearing upon this matter or not.

President Robinson had but little to say while here, but disinterested railroad men have a sneaking idea that he is fixing things for this traffic deal.

OLD TRAINS PUT BACK.

Passengers from Rome Will Not Spend Much Time at the Junction Hereafter.

Judge Underwood once said that he had spent nine-eighths of his life at Kingston waiting to get to Rome. This will all be changed after today. The Western and Atlantic railroad today changes its schedule so that there will be no delays at Kingston in the future.

The Rome railroad now makes close connections at Kingston for Atlanta and Chattanooga.

The Rome express will be resumed on its old schedule and will leave Atlanta at 3:45 p. m. and arrive in Rome at 7:00 p. m. Returning it will leave Rome at 7:50 a. m. and arrive in Atlanta at 11:03 a. m. This train runs solid in both directions between Atlanta and Rome.

Train No. 2, formerly leaving Atlanta at 8:10 a. m. will leave at 8:50 a. m. and make all connections for Florida and the southeast. Trains No. 6 and 4 will leave Atlanta at 1:35 p. m. and 7:45 p. m. respectively. Hereafter Train No. 5 will arrive in Atlanta at 1:20 p. m. instead of 1:45 p. m. Trains No. 1 and 3 will arrive in Atlanta at 6:40 p. m. and 7:00 a. m. respectively.

The best part of all the changes will be the re-establishment of the Marietta accommodation train. This train will leave Marietta at 7:15 a. m. and arrive in Atlanta at 8:15 a. m. Returning it will leave Atlanta at 5:30 p. m. and arrive in Marietta at 6:30 p. m. This train was taken off some weeks ago because it was not paying expenses owing to the very cheap commutation rates between Atlanta and Marietta.

The Marietta people petitioned that this train be resumed and agreed to join the road in asking the commission to advance the rate so that the train might be put on a paying basis.

The Western and Atlantic management are determined to do everything in their power to please their patrons, and these new schedules and the re-establishment of the Rome express and Marietta accommodation trains leave nothing undone in the way of schedules to accommodate the traveling public.

ON TO SAVANNAH.

If the Sam Road Cannot Buy It Will Build from Lyons.

Americus, Ga., March 19.—(Special.)—Captain W. W. Campbell, supervising engineer of the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery railway extension, has completed the work of clearing on the recent land slides along the new portion of the line between the Chattahoochee river and Hurricane, and through freight schedules have already been put on. Regular passenger trains will run this week. Captain Campbell, with his engineering corps, went today to Lyons. The present junction of the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery with the Savannah and Western and will, on Monday, inaugurate work of locating the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery lines into Savannah from that point.

Colonel Hawkins had such negotiations in progress with the Richmond and Danville management regarding the purchase of lease of the Central's Savannah and Western extension as rendered it probable that he might, by acquiring that line, avoid the necessity of building a parallel line into Savannah, but since the receivership of the Central and the Savannah and Western extension, the management, whoever it may be, can renew the negotiations with regard to the Savannah and Western extension and the purchase of the Central's Savannah and Western extension. Colonel Hawkins has gone too far with the work of building his own line, then the bidding will be stopped and the combination with the Savannah and Western line be made.

## ANDREW J. MILLER'S ESTATE.

WE ARE OFFERING A COMPLETE LINE OF

## CHAMBER SUITS

FROM \$15 TO \$150.

## PARLOR SUITS

FROM \$45 TO \$150.

## SIDEBOARDS

FROM \$15 TO \$150.

## EXTENSION TABLES.

FROM \$6 TO \$50.

## HAT RACKS

FROM \$7.50 TO \$75.

That Cannot Be Duplicated in the Market for the Money. Special  
Drive This Week in

## OFFICE DESKS

FROM \$10 TO \$60.

## BABY CARRIAGES

FROM \$10 TO \$40.

Now is Your Time to Save Money. Don't Let this Opportunity Slip

## CARPETS, MATTINGS, RUGS, SHADES!

Our stock is excellent. Prices lower than the lowest. Some big drives this week. All-wool Carpets as low as 60c. Tapestries from 50c to 75c. Body Brussels from \$1 to \$1.15.

## MANTELS, TILES, GRATES

We are showing an excellent stock of the best made goods ever shown here. Our sales are to experienced house-builders and furnishers and to people who know the value of a dollar.

60-62 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.







## THE TULIP CRAZE.

A Strange Fad in the Seventeenth Century.

PEOPLE WERE WILD OVER BULBS.

They Were Listed Like Stocks, and Fabulous Prices Were Paid for Choice Tulips.

From The Detroit Free Press.

Tulips with every color that shines in the radiant glow of Serenadi's mines. This gay flower, belle of the garden, has reason to carry itself with proudly uplifted head, for its history is a unique one. A native of flowery Persia, growing there in prodigious luxuriance and making the earth flame with its crimson corollas. Coming from there to Turkey, it received its name, tulip, from tulband, the Turkish name for turban, which it resembles. At last in its migratory mood it chose its home among the good people of Holland, henceforth with quiet effrontery ignoring its birthplace and going out into the world as a Holland bulb. But the flower which in the rich soil of Persia glowed a bright crimson, in the sandy loam of its new home appeared in a new and fantastic dress of "two-fold beauty and a parted streak," and ever since florists have been trying to vary the garb of the flower. For years otherwise sensible men devoted their lives to finding some way of producing black tulips, but with no better success than their compeers who sought blue roses.

Tulips were introduced into northern Europe about the close of the sixteenth century. In Holland they quickly became the popular ornament of their prim gardens, and by one of those strange freaks which seem to seize a nation as well as an individual, they became articles of commercial speculation.

The story of the rise and fall of the tulipomania has no parallel in the business world. In 1580 tulip marts were established in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem and other cities, where they were sold as stock on Wall street is today. Prices rose higher and higher. Bulbs bearing all kinds of high-sounding names were offered for sale. They were bought and sold again without the buyers receiving, indeed, with no expectation of ever seeing them. All classes entered into the speculation, from noblemen to turfmen. Servants, becoming suddenly rich, left their places to set up establishments for themselves. Men parted with houses, land and even clothes for bulbs. An old bill handed down is something of a curiosity. It is the price paid for a single variety bulb:

Two lasts of wheat.  
Four do of rye.  
Four fat oxen.  
Eight fat swine.  
Two hogheads of wine.  
Four tons beer.  
Two tons butter.  
One thousand pounds cheese.  
One complete bed.  
Suit clothes.  
One silver beaker.  
In all amounting to value to 2,500 florins.

A sailor in a warehouse picked up a bulb and bit it, supposing it to be an onion. The cost to the merchant of that one bite would have bankrupted the prince of Orange and his retinue.

Suddenly this strange inflation ceased and was followed by a panic. Prices fell, merchants could not meet their engagements, rich men found themselves beggared—but the tulip had come to stay.

Even in England amid the excitement of civil war and the stormy life that followed, the tulip gained its place and friends. An old book gives a pleasant picture of General Lambert, one of the noblest of the Puritan army, turning from battles to cultivate the bulb with such loving care that the cavaliers satirized him as Knight of Ye Golden Tulip.

But while those bright flowers blushed "in gay diversities" at our feet, and make our lawns and parterres brilliant for so long a time as nature, aided by the florist's skill, will allow, they have companion blossoms that refuse to lend themselves for such lowly ends. They bloom but for the stars, and choose for their admirers strange admirers, as showy as themselves. Perhaps the age pauses to wonder at the gay coloring of the tulip tree.

Although common in the middle states, comparatively few have seen the magnificent blossoms of this tree. This is because of the great height it attains before it bears fruit. It is so tall that it is almost impossible to reach the top of the tree, and the tree attracts to itself the gayest of birds, notably the oriole, to which Hawthorne compares its flower.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

AN ODD INSPIRATION.

"Billy the Kid" Influence on the Story of "Ben Hur."

From The Chicago Tribune.

"The author of 'Ben Hur' will not have the warlike inspiration in writing his new book that he had when he wrote his 'Tale of the Christ,' said an admirer of General Lew Wallace while conversing with some friends upon the forthcoming war book the soldier-author is now preparing.

"How that?" was asked by a gentleman present. "I never heard that there was any especial warlike inspiration connected with his story," he replied. "But a good story well told. If I remember correctly General Wallace wrote most of it in Turkey when he was our minister at Constantinople. When you mean by 'warlike' inspiration in this case, anyway?"

"Well, my remark was not wholly meaningless," was the reply. "I mean that when General Lew Wallace wrote 'Ben Hur,' or at least part of it, he had reason to be in a state of great nervous excitement. Whether he was or not of course I cannot say, as I can only judge from the story. But I may add that your assumption that 'Ben Hur' was written in Turkey is not correct. Most of the pages and proof-sheets of the work were written and read by the general in Santa Fe, N.M. He was governor of that territory before being sent to Turkey, and it was in the historic old palace, the former home of the captains general, that the author of 'Ben Hur' revivied in visions of the Holy Land and evolved his popular story. A misty old place, that Santa Fe, and well fitted for day-dreams. Colonel General Wallace said that Santa Fe reminded him of some town of the orient which had worked itself up through the center of the earth and had only succeeded in getting one story above ground."

"But the warlike inspiration, how about that?"

"I'm coming to that. When 'Ben Hur' was at the zenith of its popularity many anecdotes of General Lew Wallace were related. The work had not been expected of him, and the scribbles never wearied of telling stories of the author. But they missed the one I am about to tell you. Can you imagine the sedate author, soldier and statesman preparing for a mortal combat with so unworshipful yet formidable an antagonist as 'Billy the Kid'?"

"Picture Governor Wallace in a corral in the rear of the palace, firing at the figure of Billy the Kid, chalked on the adobe wall. True as I am alive, every morning the governor took his pistol and started for the corral to practice. A few shots at the chalked figure of the outlaw and then a struggle with 'Ben Hur.' That was the routine of Governor Wallace's life, as the ladies of his office are light. Why was he about to shoot the 'Kid'? Not only Governor Wallace, but many other well-

known men in New Mexico expected that within a short time the governor would be called upon to protect himself from the little desperado. When 'Billy the Kid' broke jail in Lincoln county, after killing two guards, many persons expected that he would be expected to be killed or hanged, but that before he passed in his checks he would kill Governor Wallace and several others. He was that he would ride into Santa Fe, hitch his horse to the plaza fence and walk into Governor Wallace's office and fill him full of bullets. This was the original 'Billy the Kid.' The west has teemed with would-be bad men of that name since, but this was the little Boston lad, who boasted that he had killed a man for every year of his life. Everybody who knew the 'Kid' believed that he would carry out his threat. General Wallace certainly did, and from the time the 'Kid' secured his freedom the general's revolver was always within reach. While he was at work in his office he was on the table at his side, and no doubt many a well-rounded sentence of 'Ben Hur' was interrupted by a nervous glance at the door as some one approached. While the book was being written 'Billy the Kid' occupied a large share of the attention of the author, and it is not unlikely that the little demon may have had an influence upon the trend of the novel. Governor Wallace, but that he secret of his apprehensiveness. Like a brave man he said: 'Forewarned, forearmed, and he set about perfecting himself in pistol practice so that he would be able to cope with his enemy. So expert did he become that it would have been a hazardous thing for the 'Kid' to have ventured into the place. When Sheriff Pat Garrett, of Lincoln county, the 'Kid's arch enemy, set out in pursuit of him, General Wallace said to me: 'It is an even chance which one of these two men will be killed. If they ever meet it is my firm belief that one of them will bite the dust. The 'Kid' is a dead shot and filled with the courage of desperation, while the sheriff is a man of great determination, an expert with pistol and rifle, and fired by revenge for the death of his two best friends, Bob Olinger and John Bell, whom Billy killed when he broke jail. I shall watch this pursuit with the deepest interest. Its results may have some effect on my own future.' General Wallace laughed as he made this last remark, but the 'Kid' and his threats were nevertheless annoying. The prediction that either Garrett or the outlaw would be killed was verified. A pistol in the hands of Garrett sent a bullet through the 'Kid's' heart in a little house near Fort Sumner, N. M. When this happened Governor Wallace had gone to Constantinople, but I have no doubt that even there he was rejoiced at the news of the 'Kid's' death."

Cleveland, Hill and the South.  
From The Clarkson, Tenn., Tobacco Leaf Chronicle.

The Leaf Chronicle has never advocated Mr. Hill for the presidency, but we detect the shameful way in which he is being maligned and misrepresented by the Cleveland organs of the south. Mr. Hill is a brilliant man and a live democrat. There is nothing of the fossil about him. His record is as clear and brilliant as his influence and success as a leader are wonderful. As regards the broad democracy and Jacksonian spirit of the two men and their good will toward the south, a writer in the American recently called the editor's attention to the following short message sent to the New York legislature in regard to an appropriation for the world's fair, which bill was up at the same time the force bill pending in congress. He said to the legislature: "It is useless to pass any appropriation to the Columbian exposition while the infamous force bill is pending. There is no country and no prosperity if that bill is passed, and I will veto any appropriation for the world's fair until measures to degrade the south are dropped." Not only this, but Mr. Cleveland found occasion not long ago to talk about Jacksonian democracy. This reads like Old Hickory had penned it himself. Not one word did Mr. Cleveland say in his acceptance of the passage of that infamous bill. But to the contrary, while German and others were working shoulder to shoulder, rejecting the force bill, Mr. Cleveland was the only means or last hope of saving the south from despotism. Mr. Cleveland found time to write his silver letter, slapping his democratic friends in the face and giving comfort, and the benefit of his great influence to the force bill crew.

A Voice from the West.

From The Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Dr. George L. Miller, of Omaha, who registered at the Auditorium yesterday, does not think Cleveland a possibility, and if nominated, believes he will be defeated. He regards New York as the pivotal state, and thinks the necessary democratic combination to insure success is New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and the solid south.

"We cannot win with a western man," said Dr. Miller. "Holes would be a good man for second place, but this talk of western states going democratic is moonshine. Nebraska and Iowa are republican ones and will not desert."

"Henry Waterson is right," he added, "in demanding Cleveland's withdrawal. He is far from right in what he has to say of Hill. I do not believe it is possible that Cleveland can be nominated. If he is nominated he will be knifed in his own state. We are lost if we don't carry New York. Hence the nomination of Cleveland means democratic defeat."

Dr. Miller thinks the public looks at Cleveland in a sentimental way, and worships a sort of idealized Cleveland not at all like the real man. He regards Hill as the great man of his party, and the successor of Samuel J. Tilden. Regarding democratic plans, he said he would not be surprised if the policy in the alliance states should be to allow the third party to win, thus throwing the election into the hands of the German element, next to Hill, is his choice for the democratic nomination.

Why They Are Sick.

From The Athens, Ga., Ledger.

Links—These Cleveland organs in the south are very sick sheets.

Because they have been "greased" on Wall street.

WARMTH THE SOUTH WIND BRINGETH.

Shadow on the valley resteth.

But sunlight gleams on the hill.

Mute are the stones and pebbles,

But music dwells in the rill

And warmth the south wind bringeth

To drive away winter's chill.

The nest on the bough is empty.

And you sigh for the nestlings still,

But song of the sawtooth feedings

The woodlands with melody fill.

Ah! warmth the south wind bringeth

To drive away winter's chill.

The dream of your youth hath vanished,

But deeds now your busy days fill,

When the voice of the thrush is silent

The mocking bird sings on the hill.

Oh! warmth the south wind bringeth

To drive away winter's chill.

Grieve not for vanished pleasures,

There are others their places to fill.

When light of day hath departed

Bringeth the star-shine still,

And warmth on the south wind cometh

To drive away winter's chill.

—LOUISE THRETE HODGES.

HEPATICA.

We wandered on the pine-girl hill,

Ere yet the spring had fully come,

The wintry wind through dead leaves whirled,

The birds on barren boughs were dumb.

But through the rifts the sky looked blue,

And tentative and low I heard,

From distant covert underneath the hill,

The whistle of the mocking bird.

Where sunbeams laced their hands of gold

On lichen-ledge o'er the brook—

Which winds between its fern-fringed banks,

A topaz-mounted shepherd's crook—

We found thee, frail, Hepatica,

Thou blue-eyed darling of the spring,

Thy head in such a soft gray cap—

What joy to see thy blossoming.

Ah, many a March morn'g I'd me where

Lake Michigan's rough waves blow,

But memory shall take me back

To Georgia hills where you grow.

—LULU W. MITCHELL.

Marietta, Ga., March 15, 1892.

## CITY NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Joe Hirsch yesterday received four more beds for the hospital. The gifts were from Mr. S. Newalt, Hon. John T. Glenn and Miss Gussie Garrett. Yesterday was Miss Garrett's tenth birthday, and with the presents she received she purchased the bed.

The report sent from Cincinnati that Mr. Stowers of this city had mysteriously disappeared seems to have been wholly a mistake. Mr. Stowers has been in constant communication with his relatives here and there is no disappearance and no mystery.

Emil Frank, well known from Atlanta to New York and from New Orleans to Texas as the genial and popular traveling representative of the Atlanta Paper Company, came home yesterday after a six months' tour.

Rev. C. P. Williamson will preach at First Christian church this morning and tonight. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have returned after a two weeks' visit through Florida. Both are delighted with the climate and hospitality of their many friends who have adopted Florida as their home. Mr. Williamson was in attendance at the Florida state convention at Ocala and reports a splendid meeting. Mr. Williamson will fill his regular pulpit this morning at 11 o'clock and at 7:45 o'clock. All invited to attend. Seats free.

Yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock the fire department responded to a still alarm sent in from the corner of Forsyth and Mitchell streets. They found a blazing roof which had but little headway and was quickly checked. The burning house was the residence of Mr. E. J. Clark and but little damage was done.

The gospel temperance meeting will be held at Prohibition hall, 65 1-2 East Alabama street, today at 3 o'clock, led by Rev. Belk. Subject "Spiritual Railroad." All railroad men are especially invited to attend.

Judge Owens's death makes a vacancy in the judicial directory of the 102nd Georgia militia district and for the place there are now quite a number of candidates. Councilman Sawtell from the second ward is trimming his sails for the race. Mr. Edgar H. Orr and Mr. J. H. Johnson are also in the race. Steve Johnson is soliciting the support of his friends. No order for an election has yet been issued.

Mrs. K. O'Connor is home from New York, where she has been some time selecting spring millinery novelties.

The friends of Mr. A. M. Massengale will be glad to learn of his success as professor of shorthand in the Business University of Rome.

Mr. W. B. Thomas, of Tallulah Falls, is at the Kimball.

Captain D. J. Bailey, of Griffin, is at the Kimball.

Sweeping on to Triumph.

From The Athens, Ga., Banner.

Despite the efforts of some men and some papers to cast aspersions upon his character and to heap calumny upon his name, Davis B. Hill is growing stronger every day with the people. In this hour of all importance to democracy, when it devolves upon the party of the people to choose a candidate who can carry them, there is no one more powerfully qualified to fill that position, none able to fulfill that trust than the sterling democrat of New York who has never yet suffered the ignominy of being called a traitor in the dust when entrusted to his trust and keeping.

The people of the country are rallying to the support of Mr. Hill. He represents their ideas as to the great economic questions of the day. He is in the clutch of the plutocrats and the goldbugs of Wall street; he is the friend of the honest, toiling bread-winners, the man who will wage relentless warfare against the oppressors of the poor.

He is a sterling democrat; he has no sympathy with republicanism, he will turn the rascals out. He is sound on financial questions; he is a tariff reformer, every inch of him. There is no man in the country more qualified to lead the people in the struggle for the overthrow of the plutocrats and the goldbugs of Wall street; he is the friend of the honest, toiling bread-winners, the man who will wage relentless warfare against the oppressors of the poor.

In a Very Small Minority.

From The Savannah, Ga., News.

The farmers of Georgia are altogether too level-headed to identify themselves with a movement which is so manifestly a platform in any respect, and which is certain to go to pieces before it has reached proportions sufficient to command very general attention. In the counties in which the plans and purposes of the St. Louis gathering have been fairly stated to them they have adopted resolutions declaring their intention to remain in the democratic party—the party that has served them so faithfully, and which can and will, do far more to promote their material interests than the new party which has captured Senator Ellington.

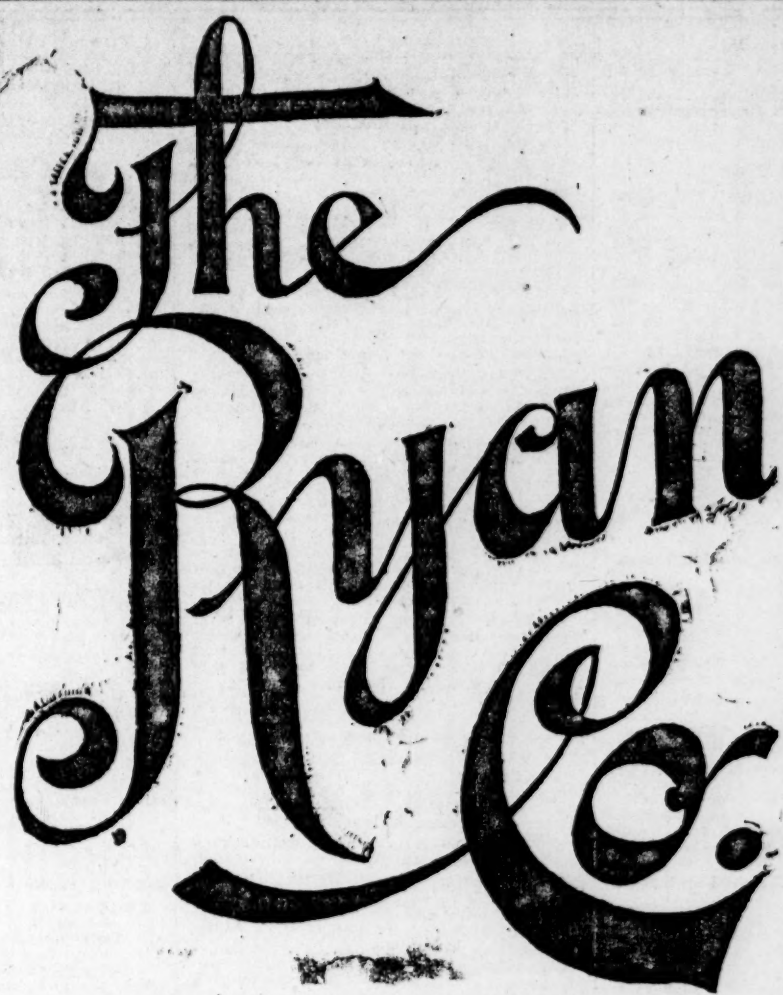
The new party has no such foothold in Georgia as Senator Ellington says he has, and if he should travel over the state he would soon find out how entirely mistaken he is with regard to it. The farmers understand pretty well that they have nothing to do with the new party, and the leaders of the new party are not likely to be very successful in their efforts to win the support of the farmers.

PEOPLE HERE AND THERE.

VANDERBILT.—Cornelius Vanderbilt has become dissatisfied with his palatial residence on Fifth avenue, New York, and will build a new one at a cost of \$2,000,000. This palace is to be erected on Fifth avenue, between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth streets, and will be the most magnificent in the city. It is said that the ball room and private theater of the new house will be large enough to accommodate the entire four hundred.

HAMILTON.—One of the victims of the typhus fever in New York was Frederick J. Hamilton, a newspaper man, whose life was sacrificed to his conception of duty to his profession. The contagious nature of typhus is such that nurses or others who have caught it do with the sufferers are the first to succumb. Hamilton knew this, but took the risk in order to serve the public. This quiet sort of heroism is one of the marks of our age. It does not go forth panopied in glittering armor attended by squadrons, but in quiet living and quiet doing, which, however, is as deserving of encomiums as the dashing displays that the world of romance ever fondly associates with its heroes and heroines.

BOTTEGO.—Captain Bottego, of the Nineteenth Artillery regiment of the Italian army, made a wager recently that he could ride 150 miles in twenty-four hours without leaving the saddle except to change horses. He mounted at 11:45 o'clock on Saturday evening and at 11:50 o'clock on the following evening he covered 170 miles. On Monday morning he was at 11:50 miles. He changed horses five times during his ride and lost thereby thirty minutes. During twenty-one hours he rode at a trot.



Will Offer Some of the Grandest Bargains Tomorrow that Ever Have Been Offered by this Celebrated House.

Remember, These Bargains Will Be on Sale

ALL DAY TOMORROW.

2 cases bookfold nainsook-checked Muslin at 2 1/4c yard.  
2 cases new Spring Gingham at 5c yard.  
1 case colored Outing Flannels at 5c yard.  
3 bales yard-wide Sea Island at 5c yard.  
2 cases new Spring Calicoes at 3 1/4c yard.  
100 dozen boys' Windsor Scarfs at 3c each.  
200 pieces Torchon Lace, 2 to 5 inches wide, at 5c yard.  
100 pieces new Spring Challies at 5c yard.  
75 pieces beautiful printed India Pongees at 10c yard, 25c value.  
3 cases fancy colored Bastiste Cloths, short lengths, 4 to 12 yards each, at 8c yard, 25c value.  
2 cases 36-inch twilled Dress Goods at 10c yard, 25c value.  
1 case "Fruit of the Loom" Bleaching at 8c yard.  
1 case Lonsdale Bleaching at 8c yard.  
2 cases 10-4 bleached Sheet at 17c yard.  
500 Roger's razor steel Scissors, all sizes, only 25c each!  
100 dozen Boys' Knee Pants, only 25c each.  
100 suits Boys' Clothing, only \$1.45, worth \$3.  
150 Men's fine Suspenders, only 10c pair, worth 35c.  
1 case 36-inch wool Dress Flannel at 14c yard, worth 25c.  
1,000 short ends Dress Lengths, beautiful figured Persian Cords for dresses at 12 1/2c yard, worth 25c.  
50 pieces colored Surah Silks only 25c yard.  
50 dozen Ladies silk-stitched Corsets at 40c pair, worth 75c.  
125 dozen Men's unlaundried Shirts, Wamsutta Muslin, 2100 thread linen bosoms, double reinforced, at 40c each, worth \$1.  
100 dozen extra large-sized, all pure linen Damask Towels, only 10c each.  
25 pieces unbleached Table Linen, only 20c yard.  
25 pieces Turkey Red Table Damask, only 20c yard.

4 Great Bargains in Our Clothing Department.

450 suits Men's Clothing at \$3.50 suit, reduced from \$7.50.

600 suits Men's Clothing at \$5 suit reduced from \$10.

849 suits Men's Clothing at \$7.75 suit, reduced from \$15.

340 suits Men's Clothing at \$10 suit, reduced from \$20.

The above goods comprise all the very latest styles, and were made by the best clothing manufacturers in the United States.

Our assortment of new Spring Dress Goods, Silks, French and Scotch Gingham, Wool Challies, Laces, new Veilings, Parasols and Paris Novelties eclipse anything ever shown in this city.

Our assortment of fancy Wool Dress Goods this season far surpasses anything ever shown in this market, and have been selected with the greatest care and taste imaginable, both in regard to style, colorings and price. In this department can be found the very choicest makes and styles of Crepons, Chiffons, Diagonal Beiges, Bedford Cordes, Krinkles, Crocodile Effects, Serges, Whittords, Camel's Hair Stripes, Crossovers, Zig-Zag Styles, Friquettes, Crepon, Bedfords, Lansdowns, Brilliantines, Cashmeres, Henriettes, Storm Serges and every extreme novelty imported in Dress Goods this spring. This is, undoubtedly, the grandest display of foreign Dress Goods ever seen south of New York city. Don't think of buying a dress until you have seen these magnificent goods.

Our Silk Department, this season, surpasses anything heretofore seen in the southern states. Everything to be called for can be found in this department. All the latest styles and newest designs in Fancy Indias, Figured Chinas, Tokios, Chamaleons, Changeables, Moras, Surahs, and all the late novelties is here shown.

In White Goods we still lead, and can show you the finest assortment of India Linens, Lenon de Dacas, Linon d'Irelande, Batiste Claires, Persian Lawns, Victoria Lawns, Jones's Cambrics, English and French Nainsooks, Egyptian Dimities, Checked Nainsooks, Dotted Swiss, White Mull, Silk Mull, Colored Mull, Allover Tuckings, Revered Tuckings, Marseilles, Piques and everything manufactured in the White Goods line.

EMBROIDERIES.—Our marvelous prices on edgings, insertings, skirtings, etc., have packed this department the past week. The new designs just received will add a charm to this department the coming week. This stock is enormous, and in it you can find millions of patterns to please you.

1,000 pieces Hamburg Edging, at 10c yard; 25c value.  
850 pieces Hamburg Edging, at 15c yard; 35c value.  
1,200 pieces Hamburg Edging, at 25c yard; 50c value.  
150 pieces 45-inch Embroidered Skirting, at 50c yard; \$1 value.  
165 pieces 45-inch Embroidered Skirting, at \$1 yard; worth \$2.50.  
Thousands of yards of India Linen, Mull, Nainsook and Swiss Edging and Insertings to match, will almost be given away during this great sale.

New arrivals in Point de Chene, Point de Irlande, Point Gauze, Chantilly, Chiffon, Smyrna, Medici, Florentine, Torchon, Platte, Valenciennes Laces, new Fish Net Veilings, hand-painted Chiffon Parasols, etc. The handsomest stock of Dress Trimmings and Dress Buttons in the southern states.

RARE BARGAINS IN SHOES.

3,400 pairs Ladies' Dongola kid button, in opera and common sense Shoes, at \$1.50, worth \$3 pair.  
2,700 pairs Ladies' Dongola button Shoes at \$1.75, worth \$3.50 pair.  
1,800 pairs Ladies' Shoes, all the finest makes made, at \$2 pair, worth \$6; on bargain counter.  
1,250 pairs Misses' Dongola kid button, spring-heel Shoes, at \$1.50 pair, worth \$2.50.  
2,500 pairs Men's calf congress and bala at \$1.50, worth \$2.75 pair.  
3,000 pairs Men's hand-made Shoes, in all styles, at \$2.50 pair, worth \$4.  
10,000 pairs Misses', Children's and Infants' Shoes, in all the different makes and styles, at less than manufacturers' cost.

THE RYAN COMPANY











